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NATIONAL REVIEW

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by David W. Belin

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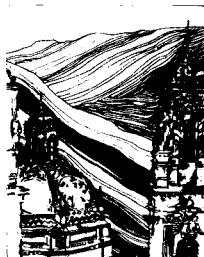
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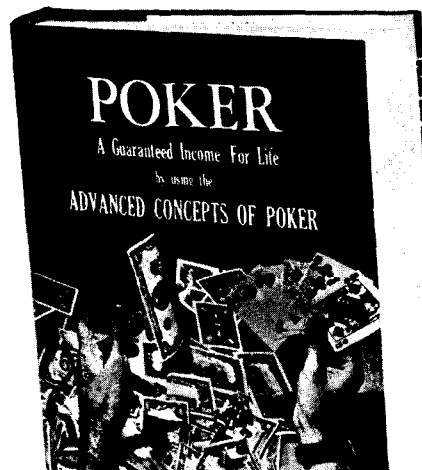
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Letters

Sex and Abortion

Mr. Sobran ["Abortion: The Class Religion," Jan. 23] is very perceptive of the arguments in the abortion debate. But a couple of points: As he suspects, he gives Harriet Van Horne more credit than she is due. When she charged the anti-abortionists who were also supporters of the Vietnam War with hypocrisy, she was, I suspect, thinking, if that is the word for it, only that in the one situation the people in question favor killing while in the other situation they don't. Sure, it doesn't make any sense (what about people who were in favor of WWII, or of Israel's defending herself?); but it seems a more likely line of argument for an egalitarian than asserting that such people are a distinct class.

Point II: Mr. Sobran says that sex is "essentially procreative." I don't know what he means by that and suspect that he doesn't either. Furthermore, I think it is a mistake to tie anti-abortionism too closely to sex-is-for-procreation. That gets you into the anti-contraception position, which, though not exclusively Roman Catholic, is probably more so than the anti-abortion position; and that plays straight into the hands of those who dismiss anti-abortion arguments by identifying them with Rome. Believing that sex can be "free" is not inconsistent—logically, at least—with believing that abortion is killing (certainly, and murder perhaps).

Salem, Mass.

ANTHONY C. WELLS

The Founding Documents

George Nash, in the excerpt from his book *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America since 1945* [Dec. 5], brilliantly summarized the controversies that have raged among conservative thinkers for decades. It is surprising, therefore, to find here no reference to the fact that the Declaration adopted in 1776 was a Declaration not of Freedom but of Independence. Perhaps if attention were paid to this crucial point, the cause for many controversies would be eliminated.

Despite affirming that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable

rights," among which is liberty, the Declaration of Independence calls for no break with the traditions and morality of the past. Rather, it calls for the setting up of a government to provide new guards.

In sharp contrast, the French Revolution's Declaration of the Rights of Man specifically breaks with tradition by stating that Liberty is the right to do anything which does not harm others; the law can proscribe only those actions which harm society.

Silver Spring, Md. ABRAHAM H. KALISH

I just wanted to drop you a short note to compliment everybody on the twentieth anniversary issue. Beautifully done. And the parody was marvelous. (I'll never be able to read "Delectations" in the same light again!) It was a real triumph.

New York, N.Y.

DAVID P. CONDIT

Panama Footnote

A footnote to your articles on Panama [Sept. 12]. Encouraged by the propaganda for the return of our Canal—and our purchased and treaty-ratified Canal Zone—there was talk and some evidence of another riot planned, for October 11, the anniversary of the coming to power of Panama's present military dictator.

This time the U.S. Army acted quietly and efficiently. All U.S. citizens outside of but adjacent to the Zone were invited in for a picnic. The U.S. military resident there for Canal security and for jungle warfare training were unobtrusively alerted (and probably, this time, issued ammunition). The 82nd Airborne Division, or a portion thereof, was flown down for training; a U.S. Navy cruiser anchored off Colón, with a detachment of Marines visibly aboard.

There was no riot! But Mr. Schlesinger was then Secretary of Defense.

Parkton, Md.

PAUL F. LOIZEAUX

Did You Know . . .

For weeks now, as each copy of NATIONAL REVIEW arrives I've turned impatiently to the end of the editorial paragraph section to find out what Richard Rovere believes (Continues on page 66)

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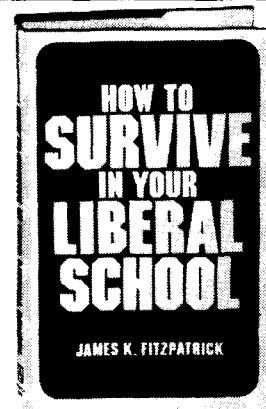
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If you could give to a student you love a book that would protect him from the liberals, would you deny him that book?



The U.S. is a bloodsucking, imperialistic exploiter. The difference between what you believe and what a Communist says is just a matter of opinion. If America were socialist there wouldn't be any pollution. The U.S. started the Cold War.

Sound familiar? It should, to the average student in an American high school or college today.

Most teachers are now liberals. Many are radicals. Their attitudes on politics, morals and economics turn most schools into battle grounds for moderate and conservative students. James Fitzpatrick knows. He has been a public high school teacher for the past ten years. While most of the moderate faculty members have been keeping their mouths shut (they'd rather not open up in this radicalized world), Mr. Fitzpatrick is one of those who dares to speak out.

In this hardhitting book, Jim Fitzpatrick looks hard at the liberal clichés, then shreds them. He explains what the radical teachers are up to, and why most moderates feel safer keeping quiet. More important, he shows where the biases of the radicals and their liberal cohorts come from. Aimed at the student trying to make sense out of the classroom scene, this book salvages sanity from the New Left rhetoric that stifles every other point of view in most schools.

Using the commonsense approach, Jim Fitzpatrick explores typical biases against patriotism, religion, capitalism, anti-Communism and taboo lifestyles like the hunter's. Jim comes right out and says it: education does *not* mean teaching students that the values of their parents are wrong, or that things like pornography are just a matter of opinion. Don't disrespect your teachers in their role as teachers, Jim ad-

vises; but meet the challenge of thinking for yourself (something the liberals always preach but seldom act on).

Mr. Fitzpatrick doesn't shrink from thorny issues like "McCarthyism" and sex education. He gives the *other* side. (Yes, Virginia, there is another side.) And he does it in a direct, "no bull," often amusing style. If you're having a problem picking your way through the educational land mines, you'll like this book. Most of your teachers won't.

Cartoons by Mary Gauerke of *National Review*

NOTE TO PARENTS

If you're not sick over what goes on in Johnny's school, then you've been looking the other way. It's time you knew. And time you armed Johnny to defend himself.

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- Traditions are not "shackles of the past"
- Liberalism: a disease of the heart
- Education does not mean learning "how wrong your parents are"
- Anti-Communism has not become obsolete
- Conservatives are not "racist pigs"
- The New Left does not have all the answers
- You don't have to be a "gun nut" to oppose gun control laws
- Joseph McCarthy: he was not America's "great threat"
- God is not dead
- Sex education: doing your thing is not the right thing
- Is there an answer?



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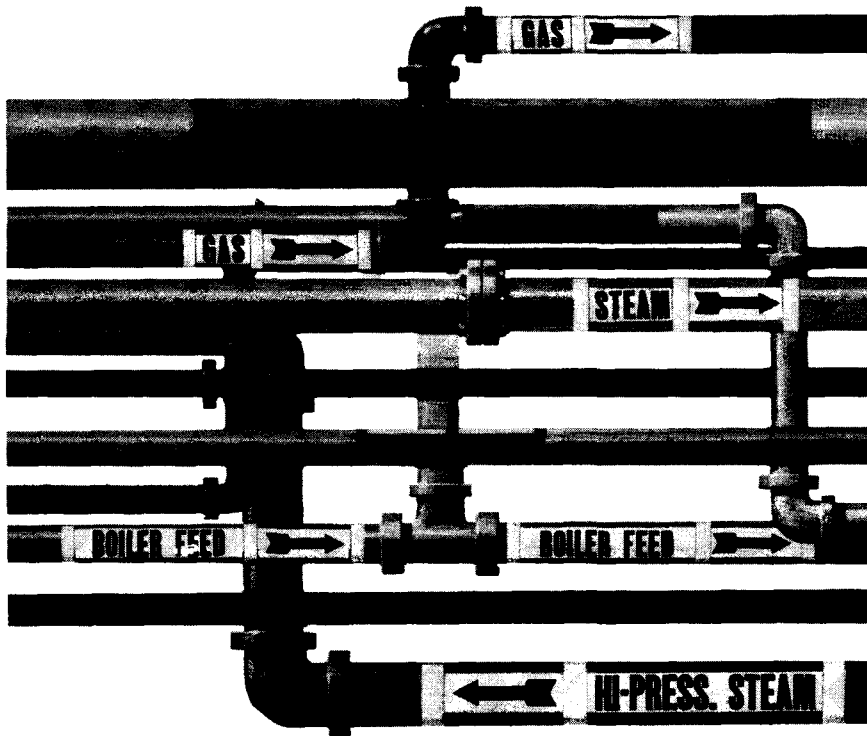
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 64)

in his heart of hearts this week. "Did you know that Richard Rovere doesn't believe in his heart of hearts, that it is wrong, in political or military conflict, to use torture and physical terror?" "Did you know that Richard Rovere doesn't believe, in his heart of hearts, that everyone has a right to free public education?" "Did you know that Richard Rovere doesn't believe, in his heart of hearts, that all forms of racial segregation are wrong?" It's like the cumulative effect of the fourth, then the fifth then the sixth, bucket of water thrown in W. C. Fields's face. Keep it up!

New Haven, Conn. FREDERICK ELLIOT

Points

In "George Bush and the CIA" ["The Week," Dec. 19], last paragraph, you say "The ideal intelligence man would be a pure technician, a lens transmitting the facts without refraction." It is the nature of a lens to refract. For shame.

NR needs more science. Everything else is OK. Especially enjoyed the twentieth anniversary issue.

Asheville, N.C.

JOHN BURNHAM

The footnote to Hugh Kenner's review of Leavis' *The Living Principle* [Dec. 19] didn't need to resort to Dr. Johnson's use of "clubbable" as an illustration of the meaning of "unclubbable," for the good Doctor used "unclubbable," too—in describing Sir John Hawkins. But (as I'm sure Mr. Sobran could have told you) Boswell's *Life* spells it "unclubable."

New York, N.Y.

ROGER EVANS

Proportional Stability

I read with interest Walter Berns's review of *The Rise of Guardian Democracy* [Oct. 10] and I concur with the observation that "the ultimate legislative power has come to rest in the Supreme Court."

However, I took exception to the proposition that proportional representation guarantees political instability. Ireland, Sweden, Japan, West Germany, and Switzerland should completely disprove such an idea, and the Third French Republic should also disprove the idea that a plurality election system guarantees political stability.

As a staunch anti-socialist, I cannot be very enthusiastic about situations where socialists win an absolute majority of legislative seats with less than 40 per cent of the votes cast, as has happened recently in Britain and Manitoba, because the anti-socialist majority is split between two or more parties. Also, even with only two parties in an election, use of a majority election system can lead to the smaller party's being grossly underrepresented in the legislature, which is what occurred in last year's congressional elections.

Switzerland should be a model for the

(Continues on page 68)

FOR THE RECORD

■ How do the **Democratic** candidates stand just five weeks before New Hampshire? **Evans & Novak** rank them in order of strength in the early primaries: 1) **Birch Bayh**, 2) **Henry Jackson**, 3) **Jimmy Carter**, 4) **Sargent Shriver**, 5) **Morris Udall**, explaining that Shriver figures that high because he is the only Catholic, and Massachusetts and New Hampshire are Catholic-heavy. . . . But E & N are not discounting the **Wallace** threat; they believe he'll come into the convention with more delegates than anyone else. . . . Democratic state chairmen, in a **UPI** poll, are still leery of the entire crop of announced candidates, say they would favor **Hubert Humphrey** as the nominee. . . . The **ADA** has checked in with its liberal litmus rating of the candidates. Mo Udall places first (81 per cent pure), followed by: Birch Bayh (79), **Fred Harris** (73), Henry Jackson (63), **Lloyd Bentsen** (40), and way down there, in the troglodyte area, Republican **Gerald Ford** (8). (Wallace, **Reagan**, **Sanford**, and Carter, not having been in Congress or the Senate, did not figure.) . . . Numbers of those 75 liberal **House freshmen** wafted in a year ago in the Watergate backlash are running scared. So scared they've asked the ADA not to publish ratings on their voting record first year out. Says ADA staffer **Sam Field**: "A lot of the freshmen see [ADA ratings] as a cross to bear this year, particularly if they won in a normally conservative Republican district."

■ What about the **Republicans**? The newest *Christian Science Monitor* poll of Republican state chairmen and national committeemen shows 72 believe Reagan won't take the nomination from Ford, 14 believe he will, six "don't know." . . . Sen. **Henry Bellmon** (Oklahoma) says he is increasingly convinced that Ford will not get the nomination; Bellmon himself tends toward fellow Southwesterner **John Connally** of Texas.



. . . **George Romney**, on the other hand, thinks Ford will have no trouble if the economy keeps moving up and admits that he "can't tell any difference between [Ford and Reagan] ideologically." . . . But in the Midwest there has been distinct erosion in Ford support, not only in **Illinois**, where some key Republican congressmen are playing coy with Ford advancements, but in **Ohio**, where Gov. **James Rhodes**, an enthusiastic Ford man a year ago, now says he doesn't plan to "play a major role" for Ford in the state. . . . Possible trouble brewing for Reagan in **New Hampshire** where the list of Reagan delegates does not include very conservative Gov. **Mel-drim Thomson**, a crony of the powerful **William Loeb**, editor of the *Manchester Union Leader*.

■ **Russia** is playing the field in **west Africa**, according to *London Daily Mail*, which says the Kremlin is negotiating with Guinean President **Sékou Touré**

for a naval base on the island of **Tamara** off the west African coast (in case the Angola gambit doesn't pay off?). . . . In **Australia**, new Prime Minister **Malcolm Fraser** has taken 180° turn from Third Worldism of his predecessor **Gough Whitlam**, is now urging the United States to build its naval base on **Diego Garcia** island in the Indian Ocean in order to "protect the strategic Middle East/Asia oil lifeline." . . . Not much news has come out of the **People's Republic of Mozambique** since Marxist **Samora Machel** took over, but what has is bad. Now **Portugal** has suspended all flights to and from Mozambique to protest imprisonment and maltreatment of Portuguese citizens in Machel's so-called "mental decolonization camps."

■ **YAF**, which lobbied hard on the issue, takes credit, at least in part, for decision by the Commerce Department not to permit **IBM** to build computer facilities in the **USSR**. YAF also announces its main program for the next year is "ZGG," Zero Government Growth. . . . The **ACU's** big Conservative Political Action Conference will be in Washington again this year, February 13-16, the speakers to include Gov. Thomson of New Hampshire, Reps. **John Ashbrook**, **Robert Bauman**, **Philip Crane**, **Marjorie Holt**, **John Rousselot**, and **Sam Steiger**, plus **Milton Friedman**, **Bill Rusher**, **Stan Evans**, **William Rickenbacker** (see also ad in this issue). . . . And two conservative newsletters are going out of business. After twenty years the **Orrells** are folding *Our Country*, victim of the increased postal rates—a sad loss—and **Ayn Rand** is folding her monthly Ayn Rand letter in vintage Randian fashion, because, she says, "the state of today's culture is so low that I do not care to spend my time watching and discussing it." She adds: "I am haunted by a quotation from **Nietzsche**, 'It is not my function to be a fly-swatter.'"

Cyrano

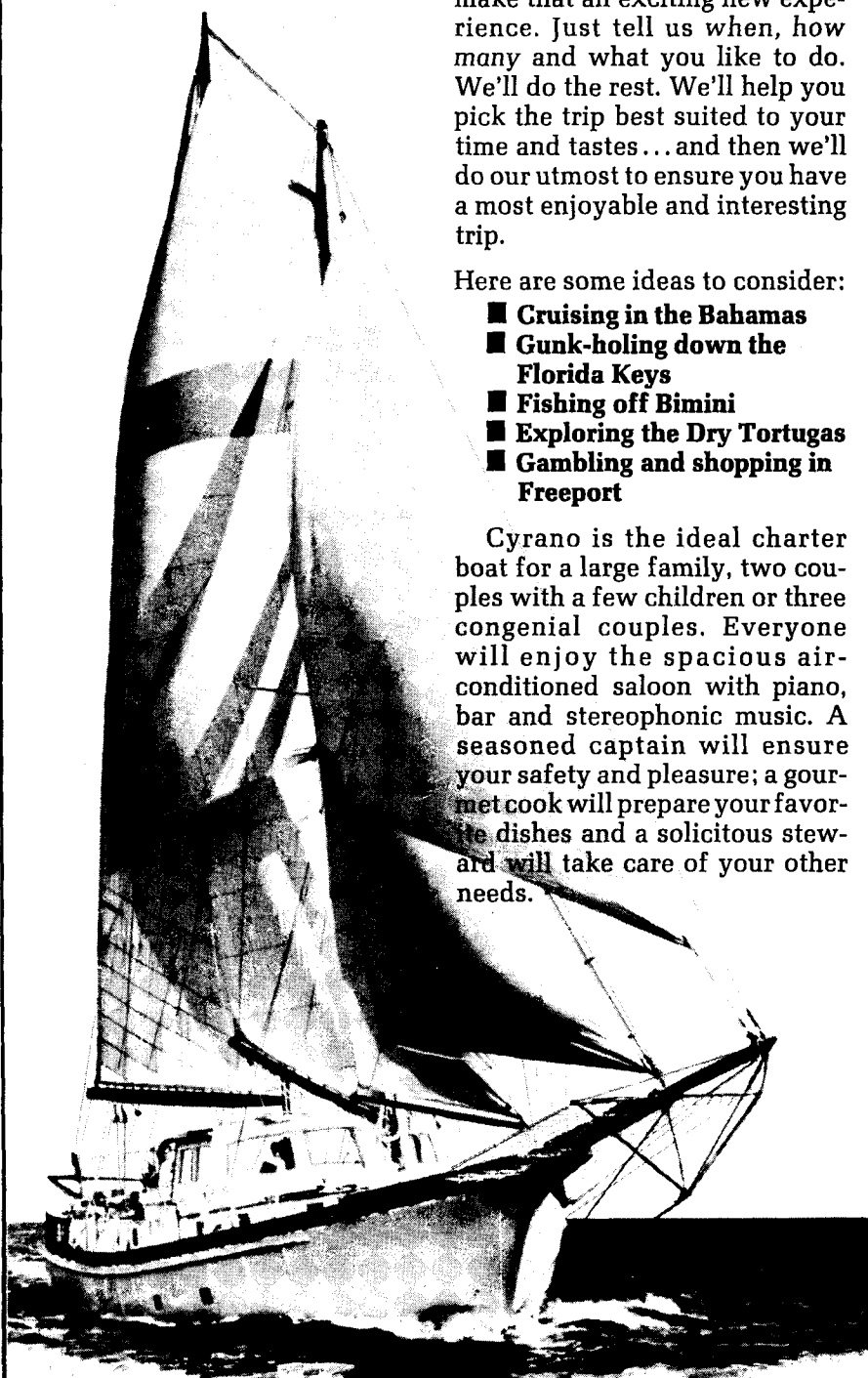
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 66)

U.S.A. to imitate when it comes to creating a responsible and stable Executive in place of the eighteenth-century Republican monarchy that is our Presidency, even though we might prefer giving our two major parties proportional representation, rather than copying the Swiss multi-party system.
Carmichael, Calif. **BARRY COLLINS**

Redemptive Exploitation?

Francis Ford Coppola's nudie movies are justified, says Mr. Mano ["The Pornographer," Dec. 19], because they led (inexorably perhaps?) to the "redemptive value" of *Godfather I* and *II*. And what about us poor benighted souls who regard *GI&II* as "exploitative swill" with (if you will pardon the pun) a vengeance—pornography cum bloodfest? I think it pertinent here to mention an "interview" in the Dec. 2 issue of *City* magazine (*City*, for those who may not have heard of it, is Mr. Coppola's latest—and virtually indescribable—venture in artistic onanism). In a rambling, discursive, incoherent mess of an article, FFC reveals that in a visit he made to Castro's Paradise he discovered that "Communism in Cuba is fun, alive, and joyful." (I quote from memory, but it's close enough.) Also, the Cubans love Fidel and, if they were permitted the freedom of the democratic exercise, they would unanimously elect the Liberator, so what does it matter if they are slaves (as we erroneously define the term), after all they're happy . . . Apparently FFC took political philosophy from Candice Bergen, with whom he trekked to Cuba—she fresh from a visit to (where else?) Chairman Mao's Paradise.

Now. What has all this to do with the pornography issue? There are those of us who perceive a consistency and completeness in Mr. Coppola's various interests and enterprises. All the parts are inextricable and necessary. And *in toto*, they stink.

The good editor of *NR* once observed that the "birds of paradise" are to be forgiven their peccadillos. I agree. But is pornography a peccadillo? Is the touting and glorification of human slavery? And even if they were mere peccadillos, is Francis Ford Coppola a "bird of paradise"? Hell's angel would be closer to the truth.

The point is, pornography is to be condemned because it is pornography; upon secular as well as religious grounds. In addition, it is one of the salient elements contributing to that loss of social cohesion which of necessity is antecedent to any establishment of the brand of slavery Francis Ford Coppola finds so becoming.

George H. Nash, in the magnificent anniversary issue, quoted Robert Frost:

*Ah, when to the heart of man
 Was it ever less than a treason
 To go with the drift of things . . . ?*
 Indeed, Mr. Mano.

San Francisco, Calif. **NEIL G. BARCLAY**

THE WEEK

■ Congratulations! You are the recipient of a new right, courtesy of the World Health Organization. Its panel of experts, and take it from the *Times* they are experts, has proclaimed the "right to receive sexual information and to consider accepting sexual relationships for pleasure as well as for procreation." Just one question: does "consider accepting" mean you can't accept yet? Wait for WHO's next panel discussion, and regard this one as so much foreplay.

■ You can find it way back there on p. 55 of the January 13 *New York Times* in the continuation of a story on the "Gulf Oil Scandal." When he testified before Sam Ervin's Special Committee on Watergate back in 1973, says Gulf lobbyist Claude C. Wild Jr., not a single senator on the Committee asked whether Gulf cash had been used for anything besides the single illegal contribution of \$100,000 to the Nixon campaign. Wild, says the *Times*, "was later quoted as having told Gulf officials that he had furnished money at one time or another to nearly every senator on the Select Committee." Where were Bernstein and Woodward then? Where, come to think of it, are they now?

■ John Gardner, the most pompous man in America, is head of Common Cause, the only "citizens' lobby" in America. Last November he issued a "checklist of campaign standards" and asked each presidential candidate to promise to live up to them. Most did—some meekly, some grumblingly, some out-Gardnering Gardner. Governor Wallace wouldn't formally take the pledge, but he enclosed a list of ways in which he had conformed to Common Cause's standards in the past. Mo Udall said that not only would he undergo a medical examination and disclose the results, he would submit them to an independent review. Sargent Shriver, Thomas Eagleton's replacement in 1972, said he was prepared for "full disclosure not only of my finances but also of my physical and mental health." The only two holdouts are Ronald Reagan, whose spokesman is leaving open the possibility that he may yet comply, and Eugene McCarthy, whose campaign manager suggested that Gardner "take your enclosed standards and stuff them in your ear." "The public will want to know whether these two candidates disagree with the standards or cannot live with them politically," huffed Mr. Gardner. The public may also want to know why Mr. Gardner has not made full public disclosure of Common Cause's funding, and who elected John Gardner Standard-Maker for the Republic.

■ While just recovering from their trauma at Pat Moynihan's plain and public talk in the United Nations, West

European politicians have been thrown into a new tizzy by private remarks attributed to Moynihan's boss, Secretary of State Kissinger. According to the leftist German news magazine *Der Spiegel*—and not formally denied by anyone—Mr. Kissinger in December had a private dinner with a number of prominent European journalists. During the post-prandial discussion, according to the *Der Spiegel* story, Mr. Kissinger predicted that within a decade all Europe would be "Marxist-dominated." For some reason, this report has not been much noticed in the United States, but in Western Europe it has provoked a good deal of serious comment along with a certain amount of pro forma indignation against the damn Yankees. Looking over their shoulders at the carnation revolution in Portugal, the prospect that the Communist Party will run first in Italy's general election that must come next year at the latest, the tiny margin by which the French United Front missed a majority even in last year's election, the Communist role in the current Spanish strikes, the rising strength of the hard Marxist left wing in West Germany's Social Democratic Party, and the swelling Communist power in Britain's key trade unions, serious Europeans may bridle at barbed talk from strangers, but they no longer dismiss remarks of this sort as uninformed scaremongering. Meanwhile, the U.S. Congress suggests, by its indignation at the idea of a modest CIA effort to strengthen Italian non-Communist parties for the contest to come, that it will do its part in making Mr. Kissinger's gloomy prophecy come true.

■ SALT II is back on, says *Los Angeles Times* correspondent Robert Troth. The Soviets, says Troth, will agree to restrictions on their Backfire bomber and the United States will agree to restrictions on the range of its cruise missile. Robert Bartley, editorial page editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, has written two penetrating, highly critical articles about the SALT accords. Here-with the final paragraph of Bartley's second article (written January 13): "When Secretary Kissinger goes to Moscow this weekend, he will be dealing with people who refused to define 'heavy' and then ignored the stated U.S. definition, who built new ABM radars with no re-

Fire When Ready, Gridley

I hold a tumbler in my hands
Which sings of ships and marching bands.
Beneath an eagle, Dewey's face
Commemorates the time and place;
Of how the old flotilla lay
At anchor in Manila Bay,
And how, with Gridley at the gun,
He thrilled the folks in Washington.
The famous flagship's still afloat,
But fashion blushes at the quote,
While academe prefers to boo
At every war but World War II.

W. H. VON DREELE

spect to the procedures the treaty requires under anything but a shyster's interpretation of their own statements, who justify missile silos as 'command and control' centers though they have blow-away lids. In dealing with such people on something as elusive as the cruise missile, whatever an officialdom under pressure to reach an agreement might decree, the only safe assumption is this: A limit on the cruise missile will be a limit on the United States but not on the Soviet Union."

■ The grain still goes through and SALT II is reported back on track. This doesn't mean, however, that the United States isn't doing anything about Angola. The State Department, we're proud to report, has taken action. It canceled a Cuba-U.S. baseball series scheduled for March 21 and 22. Leverage.

■ Implicitly responding to last year's Hartford Declaration, which emphasized the transcendent as against the secular meaning of Christianity, a group of Boston theologians has produced a counterstatement to emphasize the mission of the church in the world. Among the participants was Harvey Cox, whence it follows that the mission of the church is to combat racism and sexism, that sort of thing. All well enough, except that the list of political movements wherein the statement discerns "the transforming reality of God's reign" seems not to include any resistance movements opposed to anthill collectivism, let alone the brave Christians who suffer within Communist countries, besieged by men who commit their evils in the name of the causes the Boston affirmations affirm.

■ The bias of the American press is evident even in its terminology: a right-wing ruler who permits no opposition is a "dictator," while a Communist one is a "leader." The rationale for the distinction eludes us, but it is there, as witness the two *New York Times* editorials marking the deaths of Franco and Chou. Of Franco: "In those years during and after the civil war, General Franco turned Spain into a totalitarian dictatorship of the Right as ingrown and intolerant as the most rigid Communist dictatorships of the Left. . . . In the recent upsurges of urban guerrilla violence and Basque separatist terror, General Franco fell back on the only response he knew—increased repression." Never mind the

facts, now, just compare the tone with this eulogy of one of the *Times*' preferred rulers: "Chou En-lai was one of the more farsighted statesmen of the twentieth century. If the acute stage of the cold war from the late 1940s to the mid-1960s is now but a memory, it is in part because of the role this great Chinese leader played . . . The kind of Communism they developed in China—at enormous cost in human lives and personal liberty—was the product both of China's deep poverty and of the lessons Chou and his comrades learned during their long struggle from the time Chiang Kai-shek almost destroyed them in the 1920s to their conquest of Mainland China in 1949." In neither case is the gruesome truth about Communism denied; instead it is rhetorically subordinated to the purposes of attacking Franco and offering the judgment that, in Chou's case, the violence was justified by its causes and its fruits.

■ It seems that archaeology students at the University of Arizona have been meticulously picking through the Tucson garbage dump, opening plastic bags and counting and measuring discarded food and other refuse. The unarguable theory behind this garbageology is that if we can learn about ancient peoples by studying their garbage, we can learn even more about present society the same way: "It's all there in the trash," the professor says. By computer study of 250 categories of trash, students have discovered that residents of Tucson waste about 10 per cent (by bulk) of the food they purchase, and project from that that Canada or Egypt could live on what America wastes—another vexing social question disposed of. Perhaps the students could go to summer school in New Jersey and look for Jimmy Hoffa.

■ ERRATUM. In an article in our January 23 issue, "Trudeau Tries Wage and Price Controls," Donald Coxe wrote that British Columbia would hold its "provincial election next month." When our Canadian correspondent wrote that article, the "next" was correct; by the time it was published, however, British Columbians had already done themselves proud at the polls, as we noted in an editorial of that very same issue. We apologize to Mr. Coxe and our readers. The miscreant responsible has already been rooted out and forced to return to the Soviet Union, if that's any consolation.

■ Dr. Johnson said that for a Bishop to enter a tavern was to belittle the importance of his estate. What is one to say of a President of the United States who descends, with his wife upon his arm, into a comic strip? Brenda Starr, a perennially 23-year-old gal of 31, has just consummated (off-page) the most celebrated marriage entered into by an official nonperson since Rhoda got hitched last year. President and Mrs. Ford sent a note of congratulations to Brenda via Dale Massick, who spontaneously generated Brenda more than three decades ago. "Our very best wishes for a future of happiness together," wrote the First Couple. If Rhoda is good and sore, who can blame her? The Fords didn't acknowledge her nuptials with so much as a Hallmark card. When she

What to Watch For

Forget the polls, although they're nice.
Ignore old coots and their advice
(Like Farley and the father-type).
But when the Restons start to snipe
And Walter Cronkite blows his cool,
Then you can take it as a rule
That Reagan's doing *something* right.
And boys and girls, they're both uptight.

W. H. VON DREELE

Biplane to Jet Plane: 50 Years of Airline Service

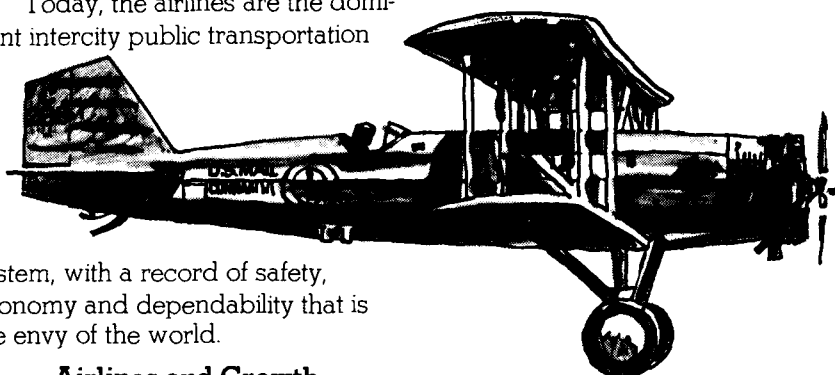
The bicentennial year of 1976 marks the 50th birthday of scheduled airline service in America. It all began with the Air Commerce Act of 1926. This Act and later legislation provided the regulation, financial stability and opportunity for expanded service, which attracted private investment to the field of commercial aviation. Within five years airlines were spanning the country.

Today, the airlines are the dominant intercity public transportation

Index since 1950 has risen 120 per cent, the average airline fare has gone up less than 30 per cent. In 1950, a Washington to Los Angeles flight cost \$171. In 1976, the same flight—more than twice as fast—costs just \$179. Discount fares can save up to 35 per cent.

Airlines and Mail

In 1926, the Post Office helped the airlines get off the ground when



system, with a record of safety, economy and dependability that is the envy of the world.

Airlines and Growth

We've flown a long way in 50 years! After a first quarter century of steady growth, the airlines in 1950 carried 19 million passengers 10 billion miles. In 1975, scheduled airlines carried more than 200 million passengers 163 billion miles. This represents almost 80 per cent of intercity public passenger miles traveled in this country. Airlines also account for 93 per cent of travel to overseas destinations. The U.S. scheduled airline fleet in 1976 includes 2,200 jet aircraft worth \$18 billion, serving passengers and shippers in thousands of communities with 13,000 daily flights.

Airlines and Fares

Airline travel continues to be a bargain, with many fares actually cheaper than travel by car, bus or rail. Today's fares are substantially lower in the U.S. than in Europe and in virtually every other country in the world. While the Consumer Price

it contracted for scheduled air mail service. In 1976, more than 8 out of 10 first class letters will move by air between our cities. From biplane to jet plane, the airlines have carried the mail to help America grow.

Airlines and Freight

Air freight now moves millions of tons of high-value commodities ranging from medicine, computers and electrical appliances to high-fashion clothes and fresh produce. The U.S. scheduled airlines provide more than a billion dollars worth of air freight transportation annually in jet freighters and in the underbellies of passenger aircraft.

Airlines and Employment

The airlines in 1976 will pay over \$6 billion in wages to 300,000

employees and will make possible hundreds of thousands of other jobs in the aerospace and travel industries. And airline growth means airport growth. Airports have become small cities, contributing millions of dollars in jobs and to the strength of communities large and small.

Airlines and Defense

A half century ago military pilots helped carry the mail. Today, the responsiveness and flexibility of the scheduled airline system, with its skilled professionals and world-wide facilities, constitutes a key reserve in the event of national emergency. The airline Civil Reserve Air Fleet saves taxpayers millions of dollars in readiness costs.

Airlines and the Future

The next 50 years will see new advances in scheduled air transportation service. The Federal Aviation Administration predicts that airline passenger traffic will increase by 7 per cent in 1976, and about 6 per cent a year through 1982.

Competition under common sense controls has helped make possible the steady advance in commercial aviation since 1926. Improvements in airline regulation are needed, but before any radical changes are made in the air transportation system, let's ask:

Can we risk a national asset?

Can the nation afford to jeopardize a transportation system that is geared to the strength and growth of America?

A system that's working.



**THE AIRLINES
OF AMERICA**
Public Transportation
at its best.

gets remarried in a year or two, she'll probably expect to receive the Lincoln Bed.

■ There was more junk mail than ever in the pre-Christmas season, but the biggest junk mailer of them all carefully waited until after the holidays to mail out 84 million federal income tax forms.

■ Did you know that Richard Rovere doesn't believe, in his heart of hearts, that all nations and peoples, including those of Africa and Asia, have a right to political independence when a majority wants it?

Reagan's \$90-Billion Plan:

1. Politics

In principle, Ronald Reagan's proposal to scrap \$90 billion in federal programs and allow the states to pick them up if they choose to do so possesses substantial merit. Surely it is desirable that a clear link be established between such programs and the taxes needed to support them. At the federal level, that link easily becomes obscured; at the state and local level it is much more visible. The Reagan Plan also has the desirable and popular goal of cutting back the stifling weight of the federal bureaucracy.

In tactical terms, however, the proposal has created problems for Reagan. In his September 26 speech in Chicago, Reagan spelled out the plan in all its detail and complexity, with the result that he quickly became bogged down in endless arguments about particular points. Economists, politicians, and commentators issued a variety of conflicting and confusing judgments. Reagan's tactical task now consists in directing attention to the sound principle involved in the plan. The public, after all, no longer believes that federal money is somehow free; the predicament of New York City marked a change in public consciousness of fiscal matters; and even the *New York Times* admits that much welfare-state theory

is now subject to doubt. If Mr. Reagan can succeed in refocusing attention on the principle at issue here, perhaps suggesting that details are always subject to modification, he should be able to go over to the attack on what, in fact, should be a popular issue.

Successful presidential campaigns are not academic seminars in social or economic policy. They are always based on broad themes that are easily grasped. FDR ran against the "economic royalists," Kennedy promised to "get America moving again," and Nixon appealed to his "silent majority," who pay their taxes and defend their country and obey the law. Those themes all implied policy choices that did not have to be spelled out in a national campaign.

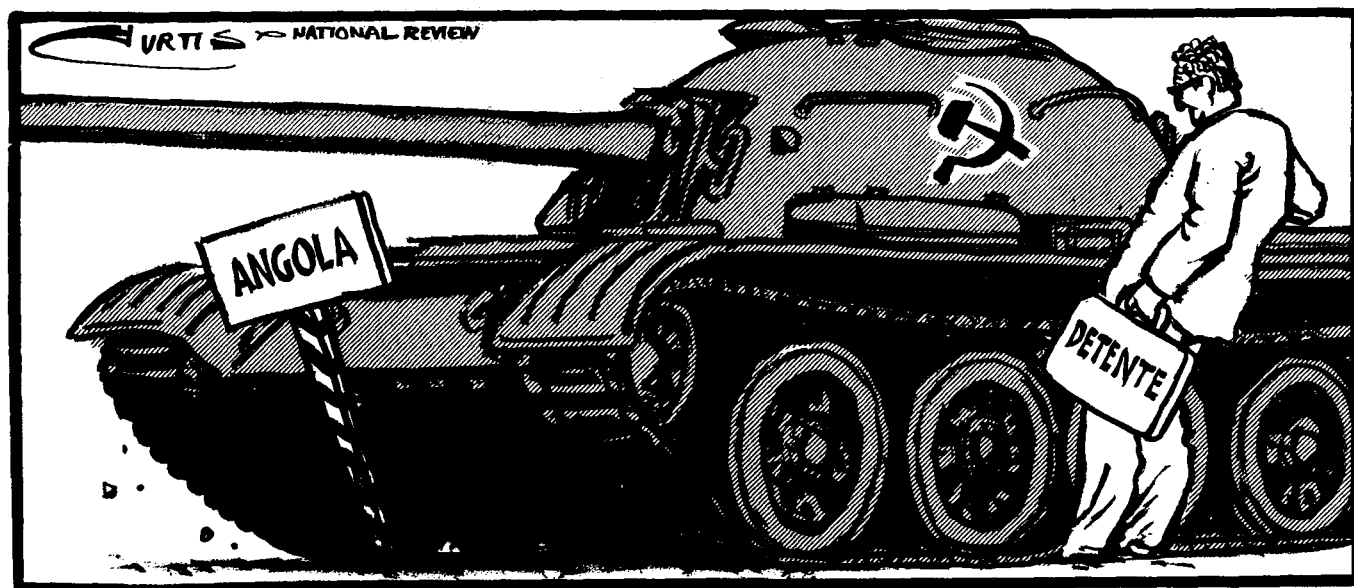
For 1976 Reagan's themes are ready at hand. He has already established himself as the opponent of the federal welfare colossus. He should also run on the obvious themes of patriotism and economic growth, and he can allow his record as governor of California for eight years to stand as certification of executive competence.

The patriotic theme in particular ought to be developed. Americans are tired of abuse from leftists at home and abroad. They are fed up with the UN and the Third World global slum, and they do not think they owe anything to Indira Gandhi or the dictator of Panama. Mr. Moynihan has made it clear how potent a theme this can be. Surely the theme of economic growth, deregulation, and renewed American competitiveness would also have wide appeal. Americans know that their system has produced abundance and that such abundance is desirable, and they know that the commissars and Third World socialists have to beg for capitalist handouts. Those are the winning themes for 1976.

2. The Debate

When Reagan suggested denationalizing a mere \$90 billion of federal largesse, the plan was quickly snubbed by the major media as being unworthy of serious comment, though well worth plenty of frivolous comment.

Columnists who normally lecture us on morality and principle turned positively Machiavellian on this issue.



**We need to keep a good-looking figure this year
(and you can help!)**

THIS YEAR ABOVE ALL, WE NEED FIRM SUPPORT

The conservative image has sagged a bit in the last few years. A diet of troubles hasn't helped, and our circulation figure shows it ('course it stays right about that "magic" 100,000 mark — but we expanded well beyond that in the *last* presidential election year). But this *bicentennial* year should be a whale of a good year for new people to bone up on all facts and information NR has to offer — we mean to do better or *bust*.

Seriously, it is a great year to introduce new people to *National Review*. Every election year, people tell us that our unique coverage is *exactly* the kind of thing they can't find elsewhere. Not surprising: there is no other magazine quite like NR, and we are at our very *best* in election years, with a refreshing and different view of the candidates and the issues (never *straightlaced* either).

Why not use the card facing this page to introduce someone *you* know to *National Review* right now — so they will get off to a good start in what promises to be the most important election of our lifetime? (Or use the card yourself if you do not have a subscription of your own.) Naturally, we want as many Americans as possible to hear what we have to say this year, but only you know the kind of people we *most* want to reach—more people like you, your friends and associates — and the *students* you care about.

It's an easy and economical way to do somebody a favor (and us too, of course): many of our most avid readers were introduced to us this way (so your introduction may be the beginning of a life-long friendship!) Why not do it now, before you forget? The first election battles are only weeks away, and we conservatives have a great deal at stake this year — let's make every word count. Pay later if you prefer, but use the card now? **We need your support.**



LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The Justice Department, with extreme reluctance, is secretly turning over its files on the investigation of Spiro Agnew to Federal Judge June Green. Judge Green, acting in response to a Freedom of Information suit brought by two law students, will review the material *in camera* before deciding how much of it should be made public. Will Justice appeal? "We just don't know what we're going to do," said a Justice spokesman. Why the reluctance to comply with Judge Green's order? Official Justice explanation: release of the details of the Agnew case might damage the case being built against Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel and his associates. Explanation of those who never quite believed it all: the Justice Department doesn't want the public to discover how the case was constructed, and it fears close analysis of the raw evidence, most of which has either been suppressed or released to the public in the form of leaks or official summaries. And Agnew himself? He just wishes that someone would let him have a look at it too.

■ Fordian slips? That's the way Reaganites view the utterances of Bo Callaway, the President's apparently irrepressible campaign chairman. "They're desperate," says one Reagan aide, commenting on Callaway's charge that Reagan wants to see "elderly people thrown out in the snow." As the aide points out, one of the key provisions of the original Reagan federal-state

transfer proposal specifically exempts "Social Security, Medicare, and other old-age programs." What the Ford camp seems to be arguing, says the aide, is the case against decentralization itself. "If they want to say, as they seem to be saying, that you can't decentralize the Federal Government, that's fine. If they want to make decentralization the issue, we're delighted."

■ Maybe it's the name Ron, maybe snow, maybe a combination. But there's something about the two that sets Bo Callaway off. No sooner had he finished commiserating with those old folks in snow banks than he suggested throwing Ron Nessen out there with them. Asked if Ford intended to ski in New Hampshire, Callaway replied: "What I'd like to see is for him to get at the top of a slope and push Ron Nessen down." Immediate cause of Callaway's wrath: Nessen had invited photographers at Vail to take pictures of the President skiing, to which occasion Mr. Ford promptly rose by falling down.

■ White House insiders are appalled at the persistent rumor that Bob Orben has a good shot at becoming Gerald Ford's next official chief speechwriter as soon as the incumbent head of the writing department, Paul Theis, finds another job. Orben, a professional gag writer who has been trying to make Ford funny since 1974 by peppering his speeches with one-liners, has never written a full-fledged speech. White House staffers, already sufficiently dis-

tressed at Ford's PR problems, groar at the thought of what the media could do with the appointment of a joke writer to oversee production of presidential addresses.

■ Some Washingtonians see in the surprise announcement by Senator Robert Byrd (D., W. Va.) that he will seek the Presidency the shape of things to come. The Democratic field is flush with mediocre candidates. And given the tendency of McGovernized reformers to opt for the one most certifiably deranged, more and more old-line Democrats will take the favorite-son route, hoping to hold their delegations at the convention until someone at least semi-sane emerges. Most likely beneficiary, if he doesn't announce in March: Hubert Humphrey.

■ The shelling of the dream that once was Camelot continues. Latest salvo comes in the form of a book entitled *The Search for JFK*, in which the authors, former *Saturday Evening Post* editor Clay Blair and his wife, call Kennedy "a lackluster Naval officer and a mediocre PT boat skipper" who "in his first encounter with enemy surface vessels disobeyed proper procedure and left the scene of action without having fired at the enemy . . ." The Blairs find it incredible that a "nimble boat" like PT 109 could be rammed by a Japanese destroyer, and they claim the story about Kennedy saving all his crew members is pure myth. Ah well, so was Camelot.

—CATO

"The ill-conceived Reagan plan simply can't be explained in terms advantageous to the state taxpayers," moaned Tom Wicker of the *New York Times*. It must, he said, leave the voters "fearful of higher taxes and reduced services." But to suggest that transferring a few activities from one level of government to another must increase the total cost, as Wicker did, is to suggest that federal spending (unlike state and local spending) is absolutely free. This ill-conceived argument can't be explained in any terms.

In his *Newsweek* column, George Will asserts that "Reagan is wrong either about citizens desiring less spending, or about lower governments being responsive to citizens' real desires." He does not tell us in which respect Reagan is wrong, but he must be wrong either one way or the other (or both). Will notes that "state and local spending has increased faster than federal spending," but this neglects the fact that much of this spend-

ing was encouraged by matching grants, or mandated by federal law. Besides, local government spending is associated with tangible services—police, fire protection, sanitation, and schools—to a degree that is not true of most federal non-defense spending. Will also notes that Reagan, with the help of a Democratic state legislature, was unable to bring the growth of California state government to a complete halt. A comparison with what happened to the New York state budget in those Great Society years, however, shows that Governor Reagan at least slowed the tide. And times have changed. Disenchantment with bloated government is a newish phenomenon. To judge today by the Goldwater years, or even by the narrow defeat of the ceiling on taxes in California, is like claiming that Willkie's failure to beat FDR proves that nobody can beat Hubert Humphrey.

Above all, the Reagan Plan indicates an intended change of direction, and the specific details (which, con-

trary to media reports, are readily available) are far less significant than this fundamental shift. The new direction is toward moving resources and responsibilities back to individuals, or at least back to a level of government closer to those whom government is supposed to serve. People realize that fighting City Hall is more difficult than getting a refund from the local merchant, but a whole lot easier than changing a Washington bureaucracy.

The Candidates' Advice

One way to judge a politician is by the advisors he keeps. The brain trusts behind presidential candidates may thus give us a clue to what sort of economic policies we may expect from them.

The "nonpartisan" Brookings Institution scholars are tutoring Bayh, Bentsen, Harris, Humphrey, Kennedy, Udall, and Shriver. Brookings has long served as a stud farm for Democratic economists when the Party is out of the executive branch, and some of these economists apparently are eager to get out on the track. Their policy prescriptions remain rigidly within the old-fashioned Keynesian Establishment—buy less unemployment with more inflation, penalize capital to aid organized labor, use price controls, and redistribute income willy-nilly. There is little evidence that these economists have learned anything from the recent consequences of putting their advice into practice. Much of their recent work has been unconvincingly apologetic, arguing that trouble in the economy was due to forces beyond human control.

Walter Heller is named as advisor to Kennedy, Humphrey, and Shriver, indicating that he is hedging his bet on the safest route back to the Council of Economic Advisors. The major champion of "fine-tuning," Heller invariably advocates bigger deficits and faster money growth, which are to be continued right up to the moment that their inflationary consequences are apparent even to him. At that point, the policymakers' guns are supposed to be turned around and aimed at inflation—a real "whites of their eyes" approach. The archaic theories that led Heller to advocate continued "expansionary" policies until well into 1973 are currently leading him to make the same mistake again.

Fred Harris relies on Nat Goldfinger of the AFL-CIO, and avowed socialists like Michael Harrington and Robert Lekachman. The choice reveals the deception behind the candidate's well-cultivated folksy populist image. His advisors are simply spokesmen for Big Government and Big Labor.

Jimmy Carter's list includes economists Lester Thurow and Joseph Pechman, scholars who have made a comfortable living by advocating massive redistribution of other people's incomes. Other Carter advisors—Lawrence Klein and Albert Sommers—are good economists, though a bit out of date.

Mo Udall goes all the way back to the Truman Admin-

istration to get advice from the aging Leon Keyserling. There is no indication that Keyserling has kept up with the developments in economics since the 1940s, but that puts him a decade ahead of Udall's other advisor, John Kenneth Galbraith.

Henry Jackson's advisors include economists of accepted competence such as Kenneth Arrow, Henry Kaufman, and (especially) Martin Feldstein. But he is also getting advice from Robert Nathan, a long-time fan of price controls and other foolish policies, and from Felix Rohatyn, who was tainted by his attempt to bail out the banks before the New York City default.

President Ford, of course, has access to the formidable talent within the Administration, and is also consulting Paul McCracken and Raymond Saulnier—top economists under Nixon and Eisenhower. Nothing new should be expected from such veterans, but nothing too disastrous either.

After looking at these lists of familiar names left over from past Administrations, only Ronald Reagan's advisors stand out as innovative thinkers in the economics profession. Milton Friedman is on anyone's list of the two best economists in the world. C. Lowell Harriss is a tax expert with few peers. Martin Anderson shattered all illusions regarding federal housing policies. William Niskanen understands the economics of bureaucracy and politics as well as anyone. Clay LaForce, as head of the famous UCLA economics department, has done excellent work in applying the tools of economics to real problems. Arthur Laffer is best known for his controversial views on international economics, but his interests and areas of competence include Social Security, energy, and many other key issues.

If this is a time that needs a fresh approach to economic issues, we aren't going to get it from the same economists who have been in and out of power since the Truman years. They are the ones who are, to varying degrees, largely responsible for recent problems. And they haven't changed a bit.

Henry, Meet Fred Shero

From the point of view of the Soviet government, the U.S. tour of its champion Central Army hockey team was much more than a sporting event. It was projected as a morality play, and the message was relentlessly hammered home: the Soviet team, like the Soviet Union, is invincible. Indeed, the Russian team did seem to be almost invincible, rolling over the Rangers and the Bruins and playing a tie with the Canadiens. Much as Max Schmeling was supposed to represent German racial superiority, the Soviet Central Army team was supposed to embody the superiority of all things Soviet.

But also, much as Schmeling ran into Joe Louis, the Central Army team made the acquaintance of the Stanley Cup champion Philadelphia Flyers. Coach Fred Shero took the Russians seriously. "The last couple of weeks

we worked very, very hard," he said later. "Most of the other teams were not ready for the games mentally or psychologically. You can't prepare in half an hour or one day like some of them tried. The Russians had been preparing for us for a year."

Before the game the Soviet officials threw their weight around. Placards in the audience protesting the treatment of Jews in Russia had to be taken down or the Russians wouldn't play, Soviet political taboos thus being unconscionably imposed upon an American audience. After the game started, however, the Russians received a hockey lesson. "They do a lot of unnecessary skating," said Fred Shero. "They do a lot of retreating, hoping to get one man to leave his position. But we wouldn't be enticed out of our position. It takes patience to beat them." Shero had the Flyers forecheck savagely, keeping the speedy Russians bottled up in their own end of the rink. As a result, the Flyers outshot the Russians 49 to 13 and outscored them 4 to one.

They also dominated the Russians physically, causing the Central Army team to leave the ice for 16 minutes in protest during the first period. Flyer defenseman Ed Van Impe had leveled the Soviets' Valeri Kharlanov. The Central Army coach said the Russians were worried about injuries. "In that case," commented Van Impe, "they should've played somebody else or they should've stayed home. They know who we are."

Of course, there was some "cultural exchange." After the game the teams exchanged gifts. Commented the Flyers' Bobby Clarke: "Somebody told me we got little pendants and pins. I don't know. I haven't looked at them."

Come to think of it, maybe it was a morality play.

Fiscal Fantasies

A typically shoddy staff report for the Joint Economic Committee argues that the expected federal deficit for fiscal 1977 isn't nearly big enough. "If there is to be growth in the economy after mid-1976," says the report, "it must come either from personal consumption spending and business fixed investment or from an expansive federal fiscal policy. Some observers expect a strong pickup in personal consumption and business investment in 1976. However, there is no clear statistical evidence that such a strengthening is occurring."

Gross National Product figures are calculated by adding up consumption, investment, and government spending. It does not follow, however, that an addition to government spending—whether financed by taxes, or by borrowing or printing money—is a net addition to private consumption and investment. Growth of government could well be at the expense of growth in the private sector. Indeed, an article in the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis' *Review* for December provided persuasive evidence that a so-called "expansive" fiscal policy (i.e., a bigger deficit) gives only a brief shot in the arm to the economy at the expense of an offsetting negative effect

later as the deficit is financed. A huge stock of U.S. Government securities provides an alternative to investment in mortgages, consumer durables, or plant and equipment; and trying to finance both private and public spending by printing more money simply results in more inflation.

We aren't there yet. But one can hardly ask for clearer evidence that the economy is on the right track than a 3.4 per cent rise in retail sales in December, a gain of 1.7 million jobs since last March, and a two-month decline in wholesale prices. Adopting "expansive" policies at this late date is the surest way to reverse the downward trend in inflation, and thus abort the recovery.

Hubert Deserts the Bridge

Hubert Humphrey, leading non-candidate for the Presidency and most likely Democratic nominee according to the latest form sheets, has come boldly forward with his view on the Angolan situation. By a remarkable coincidence, it turns out to be exactly the same as that of most of the declared Democratic candidates. Before an audience assembled at the University of Southern California, Senator Humphrey declared that the United States should make a unilateral withdrawal from Angola, and stop at once all aid in any form "regardless of whether the Soviet Union reciprocates." American aid "encourages deeper Soviet involvement, increasing the risk of confrontation [with the Soviet Union], and lessens the chance for a negotiated peace." In Angola "we are supporting two political factions about which we know almost nothing." (It is certain that we know nothing about them from anything in Senator Humphrey's speech.) And "in Angola we are backing factions which have the least chance to achieve a military victory." (At any rate we can all agree that a total withdrawal of all U.S. aid for the two factions is not likely to give them a greater chance of achieving victory.)

Elsewhere in this issue, James Burnham discusses some of the problems in relating U.S. national interest to the Angolan affair, and we shall be returning frequently, we imagine, in the next few months to Angola. Here we would like to put a question or two to Senator Humphrey that we believe need answering.

- 1) Does the taboo on any and all forms of intervention apply to all other areas of the world outside our national boundaries, as well as to Angola?
- 2) If not, where is intervention permissible? in Portugal? Yugoslavia? the Philippines? Great Britain? Panama? Israel?
- 3) If any of these, or any other, is an exception, why so?
- 4) If we announce in advance that we will not intervene anywhere, and the Soviet Union is prepared (as in the Angolan case) to intervene, what will prevent the Soviet Union from getting what it seeks in the way of military, political, and economic concessions?

Hubert Humphrey is not a Fred Harris or a Birch Bayh. He is a literate man, formerly a professor of

Remembering Chou En-lai

From diplomats who knew him when
He hacked it in Yenan,
To journalists who love to pen
The witty "inner man,"
Obituaries weight the page
Like snow upon a bough,
But few acknowledge how the sage
Owed everything to Mao.

W. H. VON DREELE

political science, much experienced in public affairs. Failing convincing answers to these questions, we can only translate his remarks on Angola to mean: "I am not going to get burned again the way I was by standing up loyally for my country's policy in Indochina when the going got tough. I sense that U.S. public opinion is responding to Vietnam and Watergate with an isolationist wave, and I'm no longer the man to swim against the tide, wherever it is taking us."

Swatting Flies

"... In over-consuming meat which wasted the cereals which could have saved them," wrote one Professor René Dumont, "we ate the little children of the Sahel, of Ethiopia, and of Bangladesh." Granted even the present appalling state of moral discourse on intercontinental matters, it could only have been a matter of time before that statement got swatted. Its execution, as it happens, was ultimately performed by Professor P. T. Bauer of the London School of Economics, whose article "Western Guilt and Third World Poverty" appears in the January 1976 issue of *Commentary*—where it squashes like so many tsetse flies a swarm of similar accusations based upon an absurd sense of guilt that "often goes together with condescension and contempt toward the people of the Third World" and that "has nothing to do with a sense of responsibility."

Although allegations that the West and its ways are responsible for the degraded conditions in much of the Third World have become "almost axiomatic," Professor Bauer argues that "they are not only untrue, but more nearly the opposite of the truth"; and since "their acceptance has ... paralyzed Western diplomacy, both toward the Soviet bloc and toward the Third World, where the West has abased itself before groups of countries which have negligible resources and no power," Bauer has set out to refute these claims. Were the resources of the Third World countries the *sine qua non* of the West's ascension above the rest of the world? No: "The West was far ahead of the present Third World when it established contact with these regions in recent centuries." Is the underdeveloped state of the Third World

today the result of Western depredations? No: "Some of the materially most backward countries in the world never were colonies (Afghanistan, Tibet, Nepal, Liberia)." Are present trade relationships stunting Third World economies? No: "It is paradoxical to suggest that external economic relations are damaging to development." Well, then, does the Third World suffer from an adverse balance of trade? No—or at least, qualifiedly no: "in recent decades the share of the Third World in total world trade has increased. . . ." Is the West ripping off the Third World so that the French may buy Cadillacs and the Americans Citroëns? No: after all, "per-capita production in America exceeds production in India more than the difference in consumption, allowing it not only to pay for this consumption, but also to finance domestic and foreign investment as well as foreign aid." Have Westerners been responsible for the racial and religious discrimination presently endemic in the Third World? Partly, perhaps; yet "colonial governments have usually protected the minorities and not persecuted them; and discrimination long antedates colonialism."

So there you are, says Bauer: "So far from the West having caused the poverty of the Third World, contact with the West has been the principal agent of material progress there. Indeed, the very idea of material progress is Western. . . ." Who, then, denies it? Well, some Western members of the international agencies who have—in fantasy, at least—gone native, as did Jean Raspail's priests in his novel *The Camp of the Saints*. Also, some flesh and blood churchmen, eager to regain for themselves a charismatic role in the world. And some Western professional anti-Western types. And of course, a great number of canny Third World spokesmen and jitney potentates.

Plus ça change: Olé!

And in the first year of its independence Juan José Flores was elected president. But in the following 15 years of strife, his rival, Vicente Rocafuerte, was sometimes president. And in the next 15 turbulent years, five presidents were burdened with office.

And then the austere Gabriel García Moreno became president, but was presently assassinated. And after a year of civil war General Eloy Alfaro served as president, before he was overthrown. And Leónidas Plaza became president and begat Galo Plaza. And during Plaza's term Alfaro was dragged from prison by an angry mob and burned in the streets.

And there followed a period of economic depression and severe unrest. And the armies created juntas to restore national unity.

And after the juntas, seven chief executives—presidents, provisional presidents, or dictators—headed the government.

And then Carlos Arroyo del Río was elected president

and vigorously suppressed his opponents. But a revolution overthrew Arroyo del Río and José María Velasco Ibarra, the last of the great caudillos, was brought back as president, the same Velasco who had previously been deposed before completing the first year of his first term as president. But Velasco's 179° turn from his previous policies caused considerable unrest and he was overthrown by the army. And there followed a series of provisional governments until the election of Galo Plaza, son of Leónidas Plaza.

And Galo Plaza was permitted to finish out his term without spectacular achievement.

And then Velasco Ibarra became president a third time but in the next election was defeated by Camilo Ponce Enríquez, who became the third president in succession to take office constitutionally.

And Velasco Ibarra, returning from exile, was elected president a fourth time but resigned in the face of public unrest, being succeeded by Carlos Julio Arosemena, whose administration was marked by political turbulence. And a military junta overthrow Arosemena but was itself deposed by the armed forces high command, and Clemente Yerovi Indaburu became interim president; and he was followed by Otto Arosemena Gómez.

And he was followed by (again—can you believe it?) Velasco who, though president five times in all, completed only one of his terms.

And power was seized from Velasco by General Rodríguez Lara.

And last week, in the fiftieth or so coup in Ecuador's 146-year history, General Lara was overthrown by the commanders of the country's three armed services, who promised: "The plan to re-establish a constitutional regime will be executed and will be completed with the handover of power at the end of 1977."

And the people, being unreformed and unimpressed, continued in the old ways.

Who Killed Agatha Christie?

The *New York Times* began its obituary with this vague statement: "Dame Agatha Christie . . . died yesterday at her home in Wallingford, 47 miles west of London. She was 85 years old." *Died of what? At what time? In the presence of whom? How much dough did she leave behind? To whom will it go?* Perhaps the obit was prudently abiding by M. Poirot's maxim that "there is nothing so dangerous for anyone who has something to hide as conversation." Let him be warned then that murder will out. To quote Poirot once more: "There is no such thing as a plain fact of murder. Murder springs, nine times out of ten, out of the character and circumstances of the murdered person. Because the victim was the kind of person he or she was, therefore was he or she murdered!" All right, then: What kind of person was Agatha Christie?

a) She—born in Torquay, England, in 1890—was

only half English, her father having been a well-to-do American named Miller. As the English work to keep, say, American-bred collies out of the country, perhaps too there is in England a cabal that seeks to maintain the native mystery market secure against American talent. But why would they wait till Christie was 85?

b) In 1914 she married an air officer, Colonel Archibald Christie, and served as a nurse in World War I, during which time she did work in poisons. Have the English a chapter of Youth against War and Fascism?

c) In 1926 she disappeared for ten days. Though they said it was amnesia, you know that whoever it was that did it, he tried it before.

d) Traveling in the Middle East after her divorce, she met in 1930 the British archaeologist Max E. L. Mallon, who was digging into the pasts of Ninevah and Ur. Sometimes those curses take a long time to reactivate.

e) Back in England, she grew very rich writing plays and over one hundred books; Queen Mary on her 80th birthday asked that Agatha Christie be included in a BBC tribute to her; and Queen Elizabeth II made her in 1956 a Commander of the Order of the British Empire. Look into Marxists, Jacobins, and the IRA.

f) Although she wrote her first book on a dare from her sister, the paperback rights to her most recently published work, *Curtain*, sold for \$925,000, and a Christie-based movie, *Murder on the Orient Express*, was the eighth highest moneymaker of the year. Now you've got to consider maybe it was the Estate of Erle Stanley Gardner.

But—all these clues and no coherent theory. Perhaps a fact is sometimes just a fact—and an unacrobat one at that. Maybe God did it.

Notes

&

Asides

■ "There were a few of us who proposed the use of nuclear weapons (on Khe Sanh). We felt it important to establish that these weapons would not trigger a nuclear war." [From a column by WFB.] *This* is a reason to unleash the hydrogen bomb on innocent men, women, and children? Think what you are saying. The sheer, stinking obscenity of that statement makes me want to retch. If I ever get as sick as *that*, I hope I die before I have a chance to spread the infection.

Very truly yours,
Father M. M. DeWalt, S.J.
315 East 46th Street
New York, N.Y.

Pax vobiscum, padre. 1) The proposal was to use *tactical* nuclear bombs, 2) there were no women and children

in Khe Sanh, just U.S. Marines, surrounded by armed, non-innocent North Vietnamese aggressors, on whom 3) we ended up dropping much greater firepower than would have belched out of a few tactical nuclear bombs; making it 4) really unnecessary for you to retch, although such missives as this one are not the best way to persuade your congregation that you are in good health.

Cordially,
WFB

■ The quotation from Ebenezer Elliott ["Notes & Asides," Nov. 7] should read as follows:

*What is a Communist? One who has yearnings for
Equal division of unequal earnings.*

Idler, or bungler, or both, he is willing

To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.

The omission of the words "or both" may not be your correspondent's fault. Robinson may have omitted them in his diary.

Donald W. Ferguson
Stevens Point, Wisconsin

■ Dear Sir:

I recall the separate occasions several years ago when Messrs. Buckley and Rusher discussed the United Nations before Phoenix audiences. I was disappointed that neither of you shared my view that the United Nations should be disbanded.

I wish now to report my conversion. I now advocate unqualifiedly that it continue.

I previously braced myself against the United Nations, not because I thought it could not succeed, but because I thought it might, and the prospects of surrendering national sovereignty to world government I could not bear to think upon. I have enough trouble identifying with New York City, let alone Uganda.

But I have recently been struck to my knees, as it were, with a revelation: So long as the United Nations is right here on our shores, acting like the congenital civic idiot it is, there is not the slightest chance we will ever be beguiled further into world government.

No sir, we can't do without it, not even for a single day, whatever the cost. If we have money to waste on law enforcement, delivering mail, building highways, and the like, we can certainly maintain the United Nations, even if no other nation contributes a dime.

Anyone who wants to abolish the United Nations has got me to fight.

Sincerely,
Clarence J. Duncan
Phoenix, Arizona

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A recent action of our high school board of trustees might amuse you. The following motion legalized smoking lounges on our high school campuses:

"It was unanimously carried that the Tamalpais Union High School District board permit the district to adopt



"You're qualified. What a pity! We're trying to fill our quota for unqualified personnel."

the rules and regulations permitting the smoking and possession of tobacco on the campus of the various high schools while under the authority of school personnel by pupils of the high school provided that such rules and regulations shall not permit students to smoke in any classroom or other enclosed facility which any student is required to occupy or which is customarily occupied by non-smoking students.

"Further that the governing board policy shall be that the administration take all steps deemed practical to discourage high school students from smoking."

One wonders if the district will include in their "discouragement" the fact that it is illegal for anyone under 18 to buy cigarettes. Barring that, perhaps they could just teach English?

Jean Mahoney
Fairfax, Calif.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

At last, divine revelation! Proof that conservatism is indeed a godly movement. To wit, Ecclesiastes 10:2 (New English Bible): "The mind of the wise man faces right, but the mind of the fool faces left."

Sincerely,
Robert M. Gorman
Milledgeville, Georgia

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The Gala was a gas. We did suffer a disillusionment, however. We'd hoped to assure ourselves that you all are not gods but just plain folks—the kind that puts on pants one leg at a time. Then James J. Kilpatrick walked in.

Great party.

Peggy Smith
Wilmington, Delaware
—WFB

Angola: The National Disinterest

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

TOM WICKER, Mary McGrory, Anthony Lewis, a majority of the U.S. Senate, Jane Fonda, Daniel Ellsberg, and many another are telling us that the "national interest" is not involved in the current Angolan troubles and that we therefore should not get ourselves mixed up in the squabble—should not "intervene." Ronald Reagan, Henry Kissinger, Drew Middleton, Elmo Zumwalt, Daniel Moynihan, and a few others are insisting, contrariwise, that the national interest is unavoidably at stake in Angola and that therefore—though the specifics are herein blurred—we ought to do something about it. Either one side or the other is wrong about the facts in the Angolan case, or the two have differing meanings for "national interest."

Nothing could be more familiar than the form of this debate over Angola. Vietnam, Chile, Hungary, Cuba, Israel, Panama, Taiwan, Czechoslovakia, Portugal, Russia: is it any of our nation's business what happens in foreign parts? Do we have the duty or need or right to intervene? This is the classic debate that has set the framework for the discussion of American foreign policy: the dream of New World innocence preserved inviolate by "the jealousy of a free people *constantly* awake" (I use Washington's terminology) confronting the nightmare of Old World "entanglements" and "insidious wiles" beyond the sea.

Argumentum ad Ignorantiam

"National interest" is a phrase easier to use than to define. It is hard to separate the nation's interest from the interests of this or that subgroup of its people or even from my own particular interest. It is, however, agreed that the minimal content of "national interest" is the nation's security: the defense of the integrity of its territory and the lives of its citizens. This much at least must be included in the "national interest" because without security in that elementary sense the nation could not exist. It follows that anything that constitutes a genuine threat to security—whatever might be said about it from some other point of view

—is counter to the national interest in one degree or another.

Everybody recognizes that an armed invasion by non-nationals across the national border is a threat to security. Unfortunately, it is not easy for an average citizen to figure out whether an event short of outright invasion—this Angolan affair, for example, or the late lamented incidents in Indochina—is in truth a genuine threat to security or just someone crying Wolf again. The problem of security is intimately connected with what is sometimes called "geopolitics," with geography, military history and strategy, global economics, weapons technology—fields meagerly represented in our educational system or in the journals and books with which most Americans become acquainted. These are difficult subjects; it takes a lot of study—and continuing study—to know anything much about them. Because so many of us are ignorant concerning them, most of our discussion of such matters—in Congress and the national media as in the local bar—is merely an exchange of clichés and prejudices.

Everyone with even the most modest expertise in geopolitics and strategy understands that the present struggle in Angola closely affects U.S. security (and therefore the U.S. national interest); for professional strategists, that proposition is too obvious for debate. They know about the relation of Angolan ports and airfields to the critical supply lines of the NATO allies and control of the South Atlantic. They know the wider significance of southern Africa, not merely because of its strategic location but because of the presence within its confines of the non-Communist world's largest reserves of such essential resources as gold, uranium, and chromium, and they see the integral connection between what happens in Angola in 1976 and what will happen in southern Africa at large in 1978 or 1980. They are aware of the lines along which Soviet Grand Strategy is transforming its navy, air, and missile arms from their traditional role into a true global force, and how Africa must be related to that perspective. They know that the Soviets' An-

golan thrust confirms and reinforces the offensive Communist momentum in relation to the cumulative defensive fallback of the Western side.

Although security is the minimal and unquestioned ingredient of the national interest, there is, of course, a good deal more to it than that. The nation and its citizens have, obviously, an inescapable interest in access to the physical resources that are necessary to their subsistence and well-being, and more generally in the active foreign trade that is inseparable from the life of modern nations. They have an interest, too—or at any rate our sort of nation does—in the human, intellectual, and cultural mobility and exchange that got a platonic pat on the back from Basket III of the Helsinki accord.

Nothing Alien

It follows that it is to our national interest that other nations should be so governed as to favor, or at least not negate, our needs of security, access to resources, trade, and the freedom of movement of persons and ideas. Since these things are to our nation's interest, it is only reasonable that we try to promote them in other nations of the world, which, for a nation as large and intricate as ours, means all other nations. This is why we have diplomatic and other representatives in almost all nations.

But doesn't this mean that our national interest is involved in practically everything that happens anywhere? Yes, it does, but much of the time it is not very critically involved: not enough to justify doing anything about it, except maybe a polite hint by a diplomat at a cocktail party. It is, as in so many matters, a question of costs, of calculating what counter-effort it is worth expending, given the degree of damage or threat to our interest. The answer can range from nothing to all-out war.

Such calculations can be discouragingly complex. In the Angolan case, it might be useful to start by noting how much of an effort the Soviet side figures the game to be worth. □

"They've Killed The President"

The book you shouldn't read

DAVID W. BELIN

THE TITLE of the book: *They've Killed the President!* The author: Robert Sam Anson. It is a "Bantam Extra," published at \$2.50, with an initial press run of 250,000 copies. Projected gross sales the first time around are \$625,000. To help make sure the projected sales goals are reached, the red letters across the top of the front cover proclaim: "Twelve years is a long time to have buried the truth . . ." Like his predecessors, Robert Sam Anson charges that the Warren Commission was nothing more than a "Blue-Ribbon Coverup."

When charges such as these are leveled at a Commission whose chairman was the Chief Justice of the United States and one of whose members is now the President of the United States, it is fitting to examine how the author goes about uncovering what he professes to be the truth. Since Anson is currently Executive Producer for Special Events for Public Television Station WNET in New York, it is especially appropriate to examine the kind of standards he has adopted.

The book was commissioned by Bantam Books, Inc., as an outgrowth of a *New Times* magazine article by Anson on the John F. Kennedy assassination. And major portions of it have been sold to some of the leading newspapers in the country. The *Washington Post*, for example, featured a large extract in its Sunday edition of November 23, 1975.

Anson's thesis is that there was a conspiracy in the assassination of President Kennedy, most probably involving the CIA and also possibly involving organized crime, the FBI, anti-Castro elements, Jimmy Hoffa or his supporters, and/or "right-wing" elements. The inaccuracies

underlying Anson's various theories can be so readily discovered that one wonders why the media have not taken the time to expose them, particularly in light of the rebirth of national interest in the murder of President Kennedy.

Perhaps the most vivid demonstration of how Anson attempts to rewrite history involves the murder of Dallas police officer J. D. Tippit in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas, approximately 45 minutes after the assassination of President Kennedy. Anson himself declares: "Tippit's murder was a crucial occurrence. It was the event which brought the Dallas police, sirens screaming, into the neighborhood where Oswald was soon discovered. But if Oswald did not kill Tippit, who did and why?" (pages 351-352).

Yes, Tippit's murder is the crucial occurrence. I have called it "the Rosetta Stone to the solution of President Kennedy's murder."

Why did the Dallas police come into the Texas Theatre, where they arrested Lee Harvey Oswald? The answer lies in the testimony of Johnny Calvin Brewer, who was the manager of Hardy's Shoe Store in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas. While serving as Counsel with the Warren Commission, I took Brewer's testimony in Dallas on April 2, 1964.

Brewer described how, on the afternoon of November 22, 1963, he heard a radio news flash that a police officer had been shot approximately eight blocks away from the location of his shoe store. Shortly thereafter, Brewer said he heard a police siren coming down Jefferson Street, and "I looked up and saw the man enter the lobby [of the shoe store]. . . he stood there with his back to the street." The police car made a U-turn and went back down the street away from Brewer's shoe store. "And when they turned and left, Oswald [he didn't know it was Oswald at the time] looked over his shoulder and turned around and walked up

Mr. Belin served as Counsel with the Warren Commission, and, more recently, was Executive Director of the Rockefeller Commission investigating the CIA.

West Jefferson toward the Texas Theatre," a few doors away.

Brewer became suspicious and decided to trail the man into the Texas Theatre. He asked the cashier if she had sold a ticket to the man "and she said no, she hadn't. She was listening to the radio herself." So Brewer went into the theater, which had only 15 or twenty patrons at the time. It was dark and he couldn't see the man, either downstairs or in the upstairs balcony. He then went to the cashier and asked her to call the police.

Mr. Belin. Then what happened?

Mr. Brewer. Well, just before they came, they turned the house lights on, and I looked out from the curtains and saw the man. . . . [Emphasis added.]

Mr. Belin. Then what happened?

Mr. Brewer. I heard a noise outside, and I opened the door, and the alley, I guess it was filled with police cars, and policemen were on the fire exits and stacked around the alley, and they grabbed me, a couple of them, and held and searched me and asked me what I was doing there, and I told them that there was a guy in the theater that I was suspicious of, and he asked me if he was still there.

And I said, yes, I just seen him. And he asked me if I would point him out. And I and two or three other officers walked out on the stage and I pointed him out, and there were officers coming in from the front of the show, I guess, coming toward that way, and officers going from the back. [Emphasis added.]

Mr. Belin. Then what did you see?

Mr. Brewer. Well, I saw this policeman approach Oswald and Oswald stood up and I heard some hollering, I don't know exactly what he said, and this man hit Patrolman McDonald . . .

Mr. Belin. Did you say this man was the same man?

Mr. Brewer. The same man that had stood in my lobby that I followed to the show.

Mr. Belin. Who hit who first?

Mr. Brewer. Oswald hit McDonald first, and he knocked him to the seat.

Oswald pulled out a gun—hardly the mark of an innocent man. He was finally subdued by Patrolman McDonald and several other police officers and taken down to the Dallas Police Station where he was held and then charged with the murder of Officer J. D. Tippit.

Now let us examine how Anson, the man who charges coverup, the man who is an executive producer of a major public television station in this country, treats Brewer's testimony.

On page 37: "A dozen, perhaps two dozen people were in the theater. In the dark, Brewer could not pick out the man he had seen by his store. By now it didn't matter. The police were arriving." Then, on page 38: "N. M. McDonald, one of the officers, looked out over the row of seats. There were 12 or 15 people sitting on the lower level. McDonald couldn't be sure who he was supposed to be looking for. As McDonald scanned the theater, a man sitting near the front spoke up quietly. The man the police were looking for, he said, was sitting on the ground floor, in the center, about three rows from the back. . . .

"The police had their man. As they led him away the man in the front row who had fingered him rose from his seat, walked outside, and quietly disappeared."

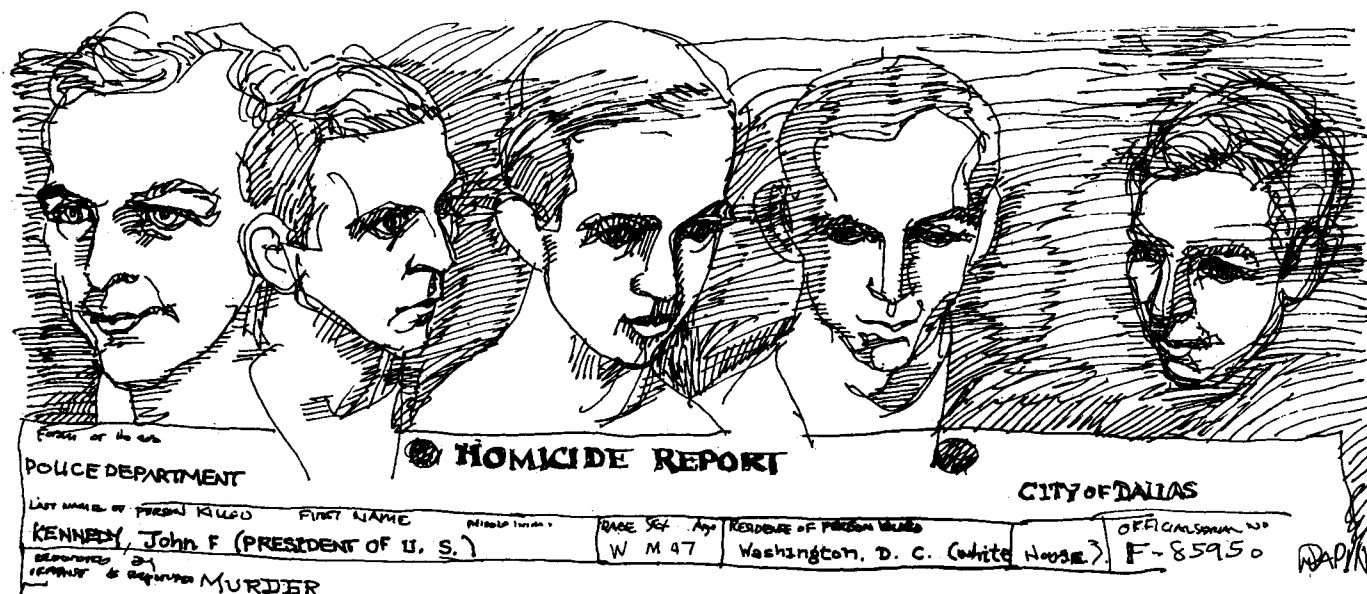
Thus, we see the web of conspiracy. According to Anson, there was a man in the front row who "fingered" Oswald and who then "walked outside and quietly disappeared."

Anson again picks up the thread on page 282:

George O'Toole, a former CIA man who suggests that the FBI may have been involved in Kennedy's killing (a not surprising contention, considering the Bureau's and the Agency's mutual detestation), points out that movie theaters are a favored rendezvous for agents. O'Toole quotes a Soviet intelligence manual which describes them thus:

Intelligence Officers can make extensive use of movie theaters when organizing agent communications by spending a certain amount of time in them before a meeting. The fact is that there are few people in most movie theaters, especially on weekdays during working hours. Movie theaters located away from the center of the city are often practically empty. Thus, by arriving at a designated time at a previously predetermined movie theater and taking advantage of many empty seats, the intelligence officer and the agent can hold a meeting right in the theater.

The Texas Theatre was, just as the Soviet manual predicted, virtually empty when Oswald entered it, and there was at least one other man in the theater who knew him—the person who fingered him for the police and then disappeared during the ensuing melee.



And then finally, in the concluding chapter of his book, on page 353, Anson asks the reader, Why did the Dallas police "concentrate on the Texas Theatre where a man matching Oswald's description was said to have run in without buying a ticket?" According to Anson, the only reasonable "explanation is that Oswald did buy a ticket, and that someone else ran into the theater to draw the police to the scene. This other person could either have run out the back or remained, becoming the mysterious man in the front row who informed the police where the man they were looking for was sitting. As N. M. McDonald, the officer who arrested Oswald, remembered him: 'A man sitting near the front, and I still don't know who it was, tipped me the man I wanted was sitting in the third row from the rear, not in the balcony.'"

What Anson has done is to cover up the fact that it was Brewer himself who pointed out Oswald to the police. And America's media could readily determine this if they were to examine Anson's footnotes. For instance, footnote 148 in Chapter I refers to the fact that Brewer could not find the man he trailed into the theater when the theater was dark. But this footnote refers you to "Belin, November 22, 1963: *You Are the Jury*, page 26." This is accurate, if you just read the first half of page 26 of my book.

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But if you continue reading Brewer's testimony on page 26, you find toward the bottom of the page Brewer's testimony that "they turned the house lights on, and I looked up from the curtains and saw the man." And a few lines later, "I pointed him out" to the police officers. Anson covers up these crucial facts.

What about Anson's allegation about the unknown man who was sitting in the front row and then quietly disappeared? There is no footnote to corroborate the statement that the man "who had fingered him [Oswald] rose from his seat, walked outside, and quietly disappeared." However, Anson does give a footnote for Patrolman McDonald's alleged statement: "A man sitting near the front, and I still don't know who it was, tipped me the man I wanted was sitting in the third row from the rear, not in the balcony." If you read that footnote, number 62 in Chapter XII, you will find that it states "First-person story by N. M. McDonald, *Dallas Morning News*, November 24, 1963." This same source was first quoted by Sylvia Meagher in 1967 in her book, *Accessories after the Fact*. What neither Anson nor Meagher tells the reader is that McDonald later learned the name of the person who had pointed out the gunman and that McDonald testified under oath that that person was none other than Johnny Calvin Brewer.

And as a matter of fact, since Anson has cited my book as the authority for some of his statements, he could have gone to page 35 and read the following exchange between Senator Cooper, one of the members of the Warren Commission, and Patrolman McDonald:

Senator Cooper. Who was it that pointed out to you the suspect when you entered the theater?

Mr. McDonald. I learned his name later.

Senator Cooper. Did some person there point out to you, though, this man sitting in the row whom you later arrested?

Mr. McDonald. Yes Sir. He was a shoe store salesman. His name was Brewer. He was the one that met us at the rear exit door and said that he saw this person run into the Texas Theatre.

These vital omissions by Anson are typical of his entire book. Just as Anson omits vital portions of Brewer's testimony, he also leaves out other major parts of the record pertaining to the murder of Officer J. D. Tippit. For instance, on pages 35-36, Anson refers to cabdriver William Scoggins, who witnessed the murder of Officer Tippit. Here is Anson's entire reference to Scoggins' testimony:

William Scoggins witnessed the murder, too. A cabdriver, Scoggins had just finished having lunch in a restaurant at the corner of Patton and 10th, and was getting back into his cab, when he saw Tippit's car drive slowly down 10th. Scoggins headed that way as well. He saw Tippit stop his car, get out, and begin to walk to the front of the cruiser when a man in a light jacket fired at the officer several times. Tippit went down, clutching at his stomach. Scoggins pulled his cab over and got out. For an instant the killer glanced over at him, and Scoggins ducked, afraid that he would be seen. The killer then began to run away in the direction from which Scoggins had come. As he rushed by, Scoggins heard him mutter, "Poor dumb cop."

Anson doesn't tell the reader that the gunman passed as close as 12 feet to where Scoggins was crouching behind his cab and that the next day, before Scoggins had seen any television, he was taken down to the Dallas Police Station, where he identified the man that he had seen at the Tippit murder scene.

Mr. Belin. Would it have been on the afternoon of November 23, to the best of your recollection?

Mr. Scoggins. When they took me down there it was along about dinner time.

[Gerald R. Ford was following the testimony closely. He caught a point of possible confusion in the witness' use of the word dinner.]

Representative Ford. What do you mean by dinner time? In various parts of the country dinner and supper get confused a little bit. Was it the noon meal or the evening meal?

Mr. Scoggins. Yes.

Representative Ford. Yes what? It was the noon meal?

Mr. Scoggins. Yes.

Mr. Belin. They took you down about the time of the noon meal, is that correct; they took you to the police station?

Mr. Scoggins. I would think that would be about the time. . . .

Mr. Belin. How many people were in the lineup, if you can remember?

Mr. Scoggins. Four.

Mr. Belin. Did you identify anyone in the lineup?

Mr. Scoggins. I identified the one we are talking about, Oswald. I identified him. . . .

Mr. Belin. Did all of these men look different to you? Were most of them fat, or were most of them thin, or some fat, some thin, some tall, some short?

Mr. Scoggins. There were two of them—the one that I identified as the one I saw over at Oak Cliff, and there was one I saw similar to him, and the other two was a little bit shorter.

And then there was Barbara Jeanette Davis, who lived with her sister-in-law, Virginia Davis, in a two-story frame residential building at the corner of 10th and Patton Streets where the Tippit murder occurred. She heard the gunshots, went to the front door, saw a woman, Helen Markham, screaming, and saw a man cutting across her yard, "and he was, what I thought, was emptying the gun."

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That night, before watching any pictures on television, she went down to the police station and identified the man with the gun whom she had seen cutting across her yard. The man she identified was Lee Harvey Oswald. None of this appears in Anson's book.

Virginia Davis also testified that she heard the gunshots and went to the front door with her sister-in-law and saw the gunman cutting across their front yard. She "watched him unload the shells out of his gun." She also went down to the police station that night and in the police lineup identified the gunman as Lee Harvey Oswald. None of this appears in Anson's book.

On the afternoon of November 22, 1963, Ted Callaway was a used car manager at the northeast corner of 10th and Jefferson Streets in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas—one block south of the Tippit murder. Callaway testified: "I heard what sounded to me like five pistol shots . . . I ran out to the sidewalk on Patton . . . I could see this taxicab parked down on Patton. I saw the cabdriver beside his cab, and saw a man cutting from one side of the street to the other. That would be the east side of Patton and over to the west side of Patton. And he was running. And he had a gun, in his hand, his right hand."

Callaway testified that he hollered at the man running with the gun, "Hey, man, what the hell is going on?"

"[Counsel Joseph Ball.] What did he do when you hollered at him?

"Mr. Callaway. He slowed his pace, almost halted for a

minute. And he said something to me, which I could not understand. And then kind of shrugged his shoulders, and kept on going."

Later that evening, Callaway went down to the Dallas Police Station and viewed a lineup of four men. He identified Lee Harvey Oswald as the man he saw running with the gun. None of this appears in Anson's book.

Sam Guinyard was working with Ted Callaway on the afternoon of November 22, 1963. Guinyard also heard pistol shots and saw a man with a gun coming down Patton Street. "He came through there running and knocking empty shells out of his pistol and he had it just up like this with his hand." Later that night he was asked to come down to the Dallas Police Station to see a lineup with four men.

"Mr. Ball. After they brought them in and after you looked at them, what did you tell the police officers?

"Mr. Guinyard. I told them that was him right there—I pointed him out right there. That was him right there." The man Guinyard pointed out was Lee Harvey Oswald. None of this appears in Anson's book.

There were two other important witnesses at the Tippit murder scene: Helen Markham and Domingo Benavides. In a police lineup, Helen Markham unequivocally identified Oswald as the gunman. Anson questions her credibility, writing on page 58 that the Warren Commission "relied heavily on her testimony to establish Oswald as the slayer of Tippit." Here again, Anson is not accurate, for on page 168 of the Warren Commission Report: "Addressing itself solely to the probative value of Mrs. Markham's contemporaneous description of the gunman and her positive identification of Oswald at a police lineup, the Commission considers her testimony reliable. However, even in the absence of Mrs. Markham's testimony, there is ample evidence to identify Oswald as the killer of Tippit."

THAT OTHER evidence includes William Scoggins, Barbara Jeanette Davis, Virginia Davis, Ted Callaway, and Sam Guinyard, all of whom identified Oswald as the gunman. There was not one sentence in Anson's book about the identification of Oswald by these five independent witnesses.

Furthermore, Anson ignores the most crucial evidence of



all: the scientific ballistic evidence that proved that the Tippit murder weapon was the very weapon that Oswald had in his possession at the time of his arrest.

The bullets in Tippit's body were too mutilated to be ballistically identifiable. However, cartridge cases can be traced to a particular weapon with utmost certainty.

Domingo Benavides saw the Tippit murder, saw the gunman toss cartridge cases into the bushes as he sped from the scene of the murder, and then notified the Dallas police through the radio in Tippit's police car. Later that afternoon, Benavides went into the bushes and found two of the cartridge cases. He then turned them over to the police.

AT AROUND 4 P.M. on November 22, 1963, two Dallas police officers came to see Benavides and asked him if he had seen the gunman, "and I told them yes, and I told them that I had seen, and they asked me if I could identify him, and I said I don't think I could." Incredible as it may seem, the Dallas police did not then ask Benavides to come to see a police lineup, just because he said he didn't think he could identify the gunman.

Benavides was not the only one to turn cartridge cases over to the police. Barbara Jeanette Davis and Virginia Davis each found a cartridge case in the bushes and turned these over to the police. Irrefutable ballistic evidence proved that these cartridge cases came from the revolver that Oswald pulled out in the Texas Theatre. Anson totally ignores this conclusive ballistic evidence.

This, of course, is not the first time that authors seeking to proclaim Oswald's innocence have been confronted by the incontrovertible ballistic evidence showing that Oswald killed Officer Tippit. *Penthouse* magazine commissioned a book called *The Assassination Tapes* (published in 1975), portions of which were serialized in several of its issues. Although *Penthouse* is not noted for covering up very much, in the case of this particular book, there was a lot of coverup. The author was George O'Toole, whom Anson used as his source for the statement that movie theaters are a favorite rendezvous for agents.

O'Toole's thesis is that Oswald was telling the truth at a press conference at the Dallas Police Station when he said that he didn't shoot anybody on November 22. O'Toole claims that he has an instrument called a psychological stress evaluator and that if you hear a tape recording of a person's voice, you can determine whether or not that person is telling the truth. He has listened to the tape recording of Oswald's voice at the Dallas press conference, and according to his instrument, Oswald was telling the truth. Now, of course, common sense tells us that such an instrument does not exist. Having served as Executive Director of the Rockefeller Commission investigating the CIA, I know that if such an instrument did exist, the CIA would be the first agency to use it because they would have a foolproof scientific instrument which would accurately determine whether or not a person was a double agent.

The basic problem Mr. O'Toole faces, and the basic problem faced by all other authors proclaiming Oswald's innocence, is the Tippit murder. Like Anson, O'Toole ignores most of the eyewitnesses who identified Oswald as the gunman. When it comes to the cartridge cases, O'Toole

writes on page 146 of his book that "the spent shells seemed to have been put deliberately where they would be found after brief search." Thus, O'Toole implies that there was an attempt to frame Oswald, just as Anson implied such an attempt when he came up with the man in the front row of the Texas Theatre who purportedly pointed out Oswald to the police. Of course, O'Toole doesn't tell his readers that Benavides saw the gunman toss the cartridge cases into the bushes and that Benavides took the cases out of the bushes and turned them over to the police. Nor does O'Toole say that Barbara Jeanette Davis and Virginia Davis, who saw Oswald and identified him in a police lineup, each took a cartridge case out of the bushes and turned it over to the police.

Like Anson and O'Toole, Mark Lane, who since 1964 has been charging a Warren Commission coverup, also prefers to ignore the evidence. Lane doesn't have any problems with Brewer's testimony for the simple reason that he refuses to acknowledge its existence. Lane baldly asserts that there was no reason for the Dallas police to arrest Oswald. He has even persuaded the noted historian Hugh Trevor-Roper, who writes in his introduction to Lane's book, *Rush to Judgment* (in which there is not a word about Brewer):

The plain fact is that there is no evidence at all to explain how or why the Dallas police instantly pounced on Oswald, and until some adequate explanation is given, no one can be blamed for entertaining the most likely hypothesis, viz: that the Dallas police had undisclosed reasons for arresting Oswald even before they had avowable evidence pointing toward him. Once that hypothesis is admitted, almost all the evidence accepted by the Commission can be reinterpreted in a different way.

Of course: if you cover up the testimony of Johnny Calvin Brewer, there is no evidence showing why the Dallas police came to the Texas Theatre and "instantly pounced on Oswald."

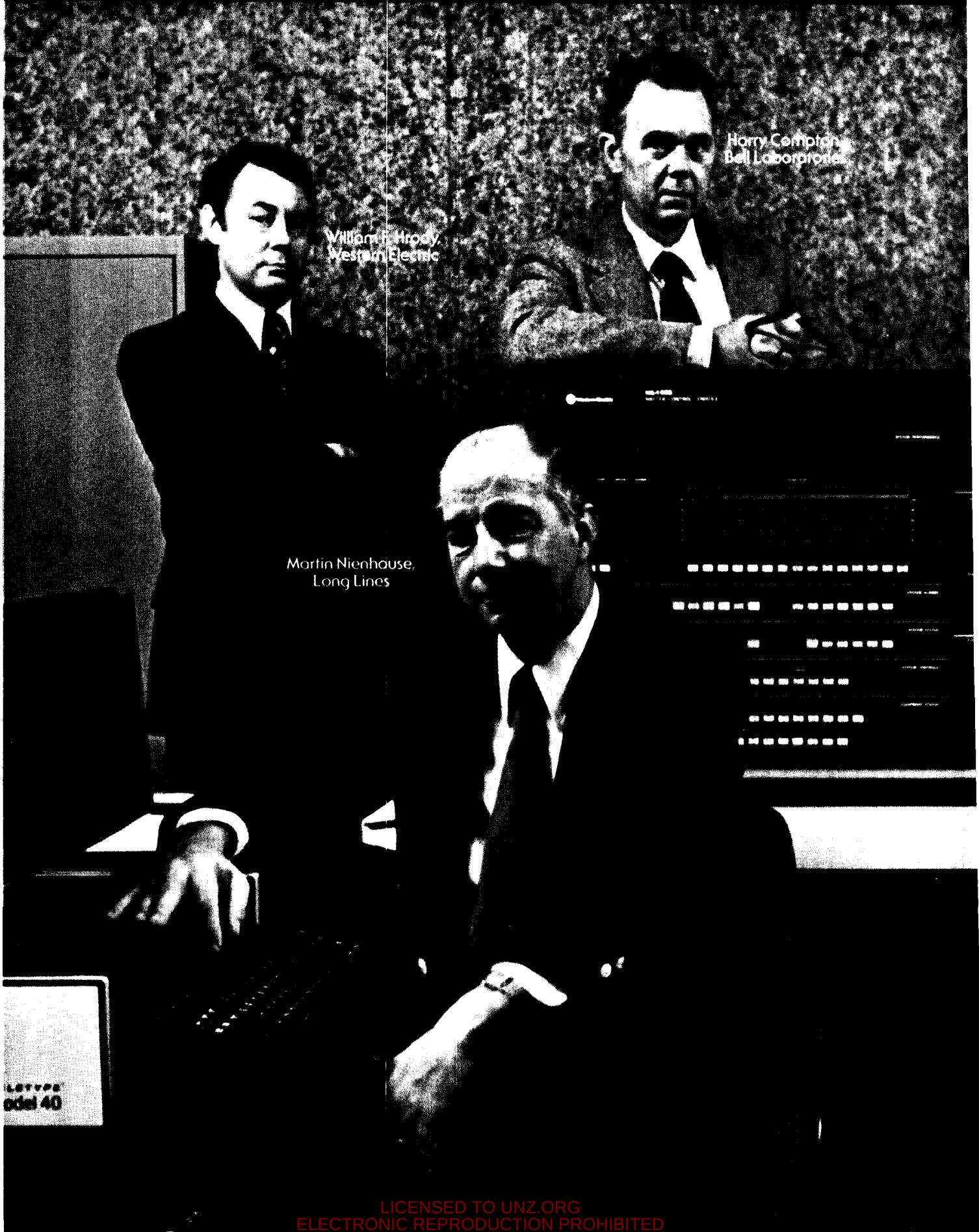
T HUS FAR we have been talking about the murder of J. D. Tippit. What about the assassination of John F. Kennedy?

Anson, like all the other conspiracy theorists who allege Oswald's innocence, argues that some of the shots came from the front. He cites as evidence statements made on November 22, 1963, by the physicians who, fighting to save President Kennedy's life, performed a tracheotomy at the point in President Kennedy's neck where there was a wound. They assumed this was an entrance wound because they never turned him over to find the real entrance wound, in the back of the neck. Nor did they know that the fibers on the front of the President's shirt were pointed outward and those on the back were pointed inward.

The autopsy on President Kennedy disclosed that the bullet that struck him in the back exited through his neck. Wound ballistic tests conducted by experts at the Edgewood Arsenal showed that the exit speed of this bullet was approximately 1,800 feet per second. The Warren Commission determined that after exiting President Kennedy's neck, the bullet struck Governor Connally, who was seated directly in front of the President. The bullet

(Continues on page 88)

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passed through Governor Connally's body and wrist, made a superficial wound in his leg, and was found after it rolled off Governor Connally's stretcher in Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas. The bullet was marked by the Warren Commission as Exhibit 399.

Anson claims that Exhibit 399 did not exit from President Kennedy's neck and that, rather, the neck wound was an entrance wound. He thereby introduces a second gunman—and a conspiracy. To buttress his thesis, Anson cites

Mrs. Kennedy: No; I was looking this way, to the left, and I heard these terrible noises. You know. And my husband never made any sound . . .

the testimony of Secret Service Agent Roy Kellerman, who was sitting next to the driver in the front seat of the presidential limousine. In Anson's words (page 82):

And then there was the President's cry of pain: "My God, I am hit." Roy Kellerman, one of the Secret Service agents riding in the front of the limousine, distinctly heard those words from the President. If Kellerman's recollection is accurate, Kennedy could not have been struck by 399, because in going through his throat, the magic bullet also punctured the President's windpipe. The throat wound had to have come later, either from a separate bullet (in which case, the question becomes, Where did it go?) or, far more probably, from a bullet fragment.

All the conclusions were ominous for the report. They demolished the magic-bullet and with it the single-assassin theory. Lee Harvey Oswald, if he acted at all, was not alone.

This same thesis was enunciated by Edward Epstein in his book *Inquest*. The only thing wrong is that Anson, like Epstein, relies solely on Kellerman's testimony and ignores the testimony of the other people in the presidential limousine: William Greer, the driver; Governor Connally; Mrs. Connally; and Mrs. Kennedy. Here is what they had to say:

First, Secret Service Agent William Greer:

Representative Ford. Did you hear the President say anything after the first shot?

Mr. Greer. No, Sir; I never heard him say anything; never at any time did I hear him say anything.

Now, Governor Connally:

Mr. Specter. Did President Kennedy make any statement during the time of the shooting or immediately prior thereto?

Governor Connally. He never uttered a sound at all that I heard.

Mrs. Connally:

Mrs. Connally. In fact the receptions had been so good every place that I had showed much restraint by not mentioning something about it before.

I could resist no longer. When we got past this area I did turn to the President and said, "Mr. President, you can't say Dallas doesn't love you."

Then I don't know how soon, it seems to me it was very soon, that I heard a noise, and not being an expert rifleman, I was not aware that it was a rifle. It was just a frightening noise, and it came from the right.

I turned over my right shoulder and looked back, and saw the President as he had both hands at his neck.

Mr. Specter. And you are indicating with your own hands, two hands crossing over gripping your own neck?

Mrs. Connally. Yes; and it seemed to me there was—he made no utterance, no cry . . . [Emphasis added.]

And finally, Jacqueline Kennedy:

Mrs. Kennedy. You know, there is always noise in a motorcade and there are always motorcycles beside us, a lot of them backfiring. So I was looking to the left. I guess there was a noise, but it didn't seem like any different noise really because there is so much noise, motorcycles and things. But then suddenly Governor Connally was yelling, "Oh, no, no, no."

Mr. Rankin. Did he turn toward you?

Mrs. Kennedy. No; I was looking this way, to the left, and I heard these terrible noises. You know. *And my husband never made any sound . . .* [Emphasis added.]

When Anson brings up the question of whether or not President Kennedy said anything after he was hit, why does he cite only Roy Kellerman and fail to mention William Greer, Governor Connally, Mrs. Connally, and Mrs. Kennedy? Isn't this a coverup? If so, Anson is just doing what his predecessors have done before him.

As a matter of common sense, the wound in President Kennedy's throat could not be an entrance wound, because if it were an entrance wound, either there would have to be an exit point for the bullet or the bullet would still have to be in the President's body. The autopsy photographs and X-rays of President Kennedy disclosed that there were no bullets remaining in his body and no exit point for any bullet that might have entered his throat.

Furthermore, every single doctor who has examined the Kennedy autopsy photos and X-rays agrees that there is no medical evidence showing that any shots struck the President except from the rear and above. Among these doctors are: the three who performed the autopsy; the panel of four physicians selected by Attorney General Ramsey Clark upon the recommendations of the presidents of Johns Hopkins University, Michigan State University, Stanford University, and the College of American Pathologists; the panel selected by Senior Counsel Robert B. Olsen of the Rockefeller Commission; and four others, the most recent of whom was an independent expert retained by CBS for the preparation of a documentary on the assassination of President Kennedy. Anson neglects to tell his readers about these facts.

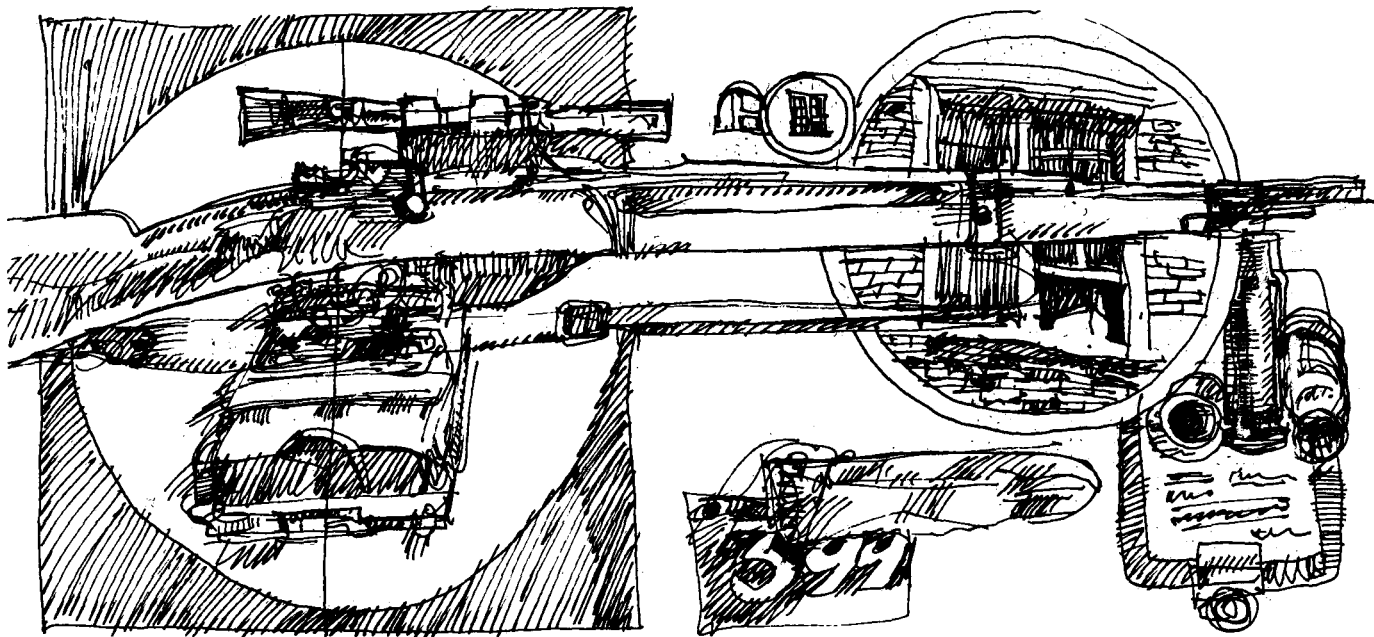
THIS IS JUST one of many omissions. For instance, nowhere in Anson's book will you find any of the following facts:

1. The only witnesses who saw a gun when the shots were fired saw that gun in the southeast corner window of the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository (TSBD) Building.

2. When police went into the TSBD Building and searched the sixth floor, they found three cartridge cases by the southeast corner window.

3. After finding the cartridge cases, they found a rifle stuck between boxes by the back stairway.

4. The rifle remained in place until it was picked up



by Lieutenant J. C. Day, Head of the Crime Scene Search Bureau of the Dallas Police Department. (Nowhere in Anson's book do you find any reference to Day.)

5. Day noted the serial number on the rifle, Number C 2766, photographed it, and subsequently was able to lift from the rifle a palm print that was sent to the FBI lab in Washington for analysis. The palm print turned out to be that of Lee Harvey Oswald.

6. The rifle was ordered through the mail by Oswald under his alias of A. Hidell. It was mailed to the exact same post office box under the exact same alias that was used when Oswald ordered the revolver involved in the Tippit shooting.

7. The cartridge cases found by the sixth-floor window came from Oswald's rifle, to the exclusion of all other weapons in the world.

8. A large paper bag was also found near that sixth-floor window in the TSBD Building. That paper bag was obviously used to carry the rifle into the building; the fingerprint of Lee Harvey Oswald was found on it.

9. In the presidential limousine, two ballistically identifiable portions of a bullet were found. These were from the bullet that shattered the President's head. One was the upper portion of a bullet, and the other was the lower portion of a bullet. Those bullet fragments came from Oswald's rifle.

10. At Parkland Memorial Hospital, a nearly whole bullet rolled off Governor Connally's stretcher. (There was some confusion about whether it might have come from President Kennedy's stretcher, but we determined that it could not have come from that stretcher.) That bullet, Exhibit 399, came from Oswald's rifle.

11. No other bullets or cartridge cases were found except those from Oswald's rifle.

12. Some days after the assassination, near the place where the rifle was found by the back stairway of the sixth floor of the TSBD Building, Oswald's clipboard was found stuffed between boxes. It carried unfilled orders dated November 22, 1963.

13. The fibers in the back of President Kennedy's clothing were pointed inward. The fibers in the front of the shirt were pointed outward.

14. All of Governor Connally's physicians agreed that he was struck by a single shot that was fired from the rear.

15. During his interrogation, Oswald repeatedly lied about important matters. He denied owning a rifle. He lied about where he purchased the pistol used in the Tippit shooting. He lied about where he was at the time of the assassination. And he lied about many other key questions.

Many of the omissions and inaccuracies in Anson's book can be traced to Anson's predecessors in the post-assassination folklore. A typical example involves Charles Douglas Givens, who worked with Oswald in the warehouse of the Texas School Book Depository Company. On November 22, 1963, Givens was working with other employees on the sixth floor and took the elevator down with them for the lunch break shortly before noon. Givens forgot his cigarettes, so he went back to the sixth floor to get them. While there, he saw Oswald with his clipboard. After the assassination, Givens was interviewed by both the FBI and the Secret Service.

WHILE SERVING with the Warren Commission, my colleague Joseph A. Ball and I found that there were contradictions between Givens' statements to the FBI and to the Secret Service. We noted these in a written report dated February 25, 1964. On page 105 of our report, we wrote: "Charles Givens says he saw Oswald on the sixth floor with a clipboard at around 11:45 A.M. (Secret Service document No. 491). There are some contradictions in his testimony."

We then noted that in an FBI report and in a Dallas police report, Givens did not mention seeing Oswald on the sixth floor and instead said that he saw Oswald with a newspaper in the Domino Room, which would have been on the first floor. We also discussed this on pages 106-108 of our report, which has been open to public inspection at the National Archives. There was a Dallas police report that Givens "would change his story for money." In light of the contradictions between the FBI and the Secret Service reports of Givens' statements, coupled with the state-

ment by a Dallas police official that Givens might change his story for money, I decided that in Givens' case I would not follow customary legal procedure, which would call for interviewing a witness prior to taking his testimony. Rather, I made arrangements for Givens to meet with me and a court reporter, and when Givens walked into the room, I had him raise his right hand, be sworn, and give his testimony under oath.

The recipe for these distortions is basically very simple: a few omissions here, a few omissions there; sprinkle with some outright falsehoods; add a few innuendos

Givens testified that when he last saw Oswald, Oswald had his (Oswald's) clipboard in his hand on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository Building at approximately 11:55 A.M.

Then, in the concluding portion of Givens' testimony:

Mr. Belin. Now you said you saw Lee Oswald on the sixth floor around 11:55?

Mr. Givens. Right.

Mr. Belin. Did you see Lee Oswald anywhere else in the building between 11:55 and the time you left the building?

Mr. Givens. No, Sir.

Mr. Belin. On November 22nd?

Mr. Givens. No, Sir.

Mr. Belin. Did you see him in the Domino Room at all around anywhere between 11:30 and 12 or 12:30?

Mr. Givens. No, Sir . . .

Mr. Belin. Did you ever see Lee Oswald at any time after the time you saw him carrying the clipboard on the sixth floor?

Mr. Givens. No, Sir. The next time I saw him was on television.

Mr. Belin. Is there anything else you can think of, whether I have asked it or not, that in any way is relevant to the assassination?

Mr. Givens. No, Sir.

Mr. Belin. Anything else you can think of about Lee Oswald, whether I have asked it or not, that might in any way be helpful?

Mr. Givens. No, Sir. Other than he is just a peculiar fellow. He is just a loner. Don't have much to say to anybody. Stayed by himself most of the time. . . .

Mr. Belin. Well, Mr. Givens, we surely appreciate your cooperation in coming down here.

Now you and I didn't talk about this at all until we started taking this deposition, did we?

Mr. Givens. No, Sir.

Mr. Belin. You walked into the room and you raised your right hand and we started taking your testimony. Is that correct?

Mr. Givens. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Belin. Have I ever met you before?

Mr. Givens. I don't believe so. I don't believe I have.

The questions at the end of Givens' testimony typify the standard questions which I used in interrogating witnesses: "Anything else you can think of?" A trial lawyer trying to prove a case does not ask many open-ended questions. But as attorneys working with the Warren Commission, we were not prosecutors or defense attorneys; we were independent investigators.

It is revealing to examine Anson's treatment of Givens' testimony. It occurs in Chapter II of his book—a chapter that is entitled "The Blue-Ribbon Coverup"—and follows Anson's discussion of the murder of J. D. Tippit. Here is what Anson has to say (page 58):

Givens was one of Oswald's co-workers at the Book Depository. On the afternoon of November 22, Givens told the FBI he had seen Oswald on the first floor of the Book Depository forty minutes before the assassination. He repeated the story during the next six months without significant changes in detail. Then, on April 8, 1964, Givens was interrogated by Warren Commission lawyer David Belin. Suddenly Givens' memory freshened. He remembered that shortly before noon on the day of the assassination he had forgotten his cigarettes, and had gone to the sixth floor of the Book Depository to retrieve them. There he saw Oswald. Givens' latest recollection was crucial in building the case against Oswald, for no other credible witness had been able to place him on the sixth floor at a time anywhere near the assassination. Only Givens, a man who, according to a Dallas police official, "would change his story for money" (C.D. 735), had [done so]. The Warren Commission believed him.

The obvious implication is that the Warren Commission sought to change Givens' testimony. That is an outright lie. Not only does Anson fail to tell the reader about the series of questions (including the open-ended ones) and not only does he fail to mention that Givens was never interviewed by the Commission prior to the taking of his testimony, but when Anson says that Givens "repeated the story during the next six months without significant changes in detail," he neglects to mention that from the very beginning there was a conflict between what Givens told the FBI and what he told the Secret Service.

These crucial omissions can be traced to an article by Sylvia Meagher in the *Texas Observer* of August 13, 1971. The Meagher article has been picked up and rewritten again and again in subsequent articles. Anson, like Meagher, Lane, O'Toole, et al., repeats patently false accusations even though every one of them can be disproved by an objective, in-depth analysis of the record as a whole. But the media all too often have failed to make such an analysis.

The recipe for these distortions is basically very simple: a few omissions here, a few omissions there; sprinkle with some outright falsehoods; add a few innuendos; and, above all, be sure to use liberally that favorite word in political literature these days: "coverup." The recipe has been successful for the small group of Ansons, Lanes, Meaghers, O'Tooles, etc. Although relatively few in number, they have been able to convince many people that Lee Harvey Oswald was not the sole gunman who killed President Kennedy and Officer Tippit.

To help publicize his book, Anson is appearing on national as well as local and regional television programs. Time and time again, the public will hear Anson. But when will the public hear about Anson's omissions and distortions? It will get to know the facts only when Congress reopens the Warren Commission Investigation, or when the American press undertakes to approach these issues with at least some of the care and thoroughness with which it approached Watergate.

We must be aware of the facts, for our ultimate judgments will be no better than the accuracy of the information on which they are based. □

TEN YEARS LATER

America Through British Eyes

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

TEN YEARS is a long time not to see a person or a place, and it was ten years since I had last been in America. As one hopes to find when meeting an old friend again, I was pleased that, in many ways, America seemed not to have changed much. I greeted even her familiar blemishes with affection. New York taxi drivers still know nothing about New York, and waiters even in the best restaurants—indeed, particularly in some of the best restaurants—are truculent to a degree which would not be tolerated for a minute in Europe.

The cheapest American food is often excellent. The humble sandwich, for example, is infinitely superior to its equivalent in Britain. What is called "gourmet" food (which seems to mean anything more than a bowl of Wheaties) tends to be uneatable. There is some very good American wine, but American drinking habits are still barbarous.

I traveled from sea to shining sea, and observed with interest the differences and mutual antipathies between East Coast and West Coast, between the South and the Middle West, between New York and the rest of America. But the differences are, in fact, much less striking than the cultural homogeneity which has been achieved right across the continent.

And I love it all. (Well, almost all.) I have never been able to think of America as a foreign country. I feel as much at home walking down Fifth Avenue as Piccadilly, in California as in Cornwall. As Sherlock Holmes, that most English of detectives, said in *The Noble Bachelor*, "It is always a joy to me to meet an American, for I am one of those who believe that the folly of a monarch and the blundering of a Minister in fargone years will not prevent our children from being some day citizens of the same worldwide country under a flag which shall be a quartering of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes."

I wish this were still a feasible

dream. More than ever I regret the folly of British Ministers in very recent years who have deliberately attenuated the links between Britain and America, choosing instead to drag Britain into a bureaucratic and fundamentally alien European community. But the ties of language and shared ideas, of history and personal relationship, do and will survive. I was greatly moved, wherever I went, to realize how strong they are.

Some other impressions were more disturbing—and from several points of view.

It felt quite strange to be in a country where people can still look forward, still plan for the future; where they expect things to get better; where they still believe, at least theoretically, in freedom and competition; where there is no sense of imminent catastrophe. In Britain nobody has any confidence in the future, except perhaps the Marxists, who feel that everything is going their way. We are fumbling in the dark, with an unknown precipice near our feet.

NEW YORK'S troubles have been compared with those of London. New York's are more urgent, although many of the same factors are present in London too. But, as several commentators have suggested, the true comparison is not between New York and London, but between New York and Britain as a whole. The politicians at Westminster have mortgaged an entire nation's tomorrow to buy yesterday's votes.

Americans tend to believe that theirs is the country, more than any other, in which the key developments are taking place and the future can be seen. But is it? Or is Britain the place where America's future can be seen as in a glass darkly? In Britain, far more immediately than in America, freedom's battle is joined and will be won or lost, perhaps irrevocably, within the next few months or years. What has happened and is happening in Britain should be of great concern to Americans, if only

as an example and a warning: and any signs of the same thing happening in America need to be monitored very carefully indeed.

It is worrying to read articles and to hear opinions expressed on television, by Americans about America, which seem to show so little understanding of America's real virtues and real vices, of what made her a lantern of hope for the world or of the shadows threatening her now.

The supreme lesson of American history, a lesson spectacularly obvious to any open-minded visitor, is that freedom works. The free enterprise of free men has generated wealth and services on a scale unmatched anywhere else, and it has done so in what has certainly been, by the standards of this world, a remarkably happy and good society. Although diminished, much of this freedom and its benefits still remain: but they need defending.

And they are not being defended. Freedom—simple individual freedom—was scarcely mentioned by any of the politicians, writers, and television pundits whom I heard talking about the state of America. Their list of what was hopeful usually emphasized new welfare schemes, new legislation to benefit racial minorities, and the alleged new "social concern" of the young. Their list of what was wrong with America concentrated mainly on the selfishness of big corporations, the power of the "military-industrial complex," and the irresponsible wickedness of the CIA.

My own list of the things which disturbed and the things which heartened me in America would be almost the exact reverse. Having watched Britain's businessmen bled white by socialism and trammelled by bureaucracy, and Britain's defenses—including her Secret Intelligence Service—reduced far beyond the safety level in order that more money should be available for welfare schemes, I have no desire to see America go down the same road. For the sake of the whole Western world I want America's military-industrial base to be very strong and the CIA to be as effective as possible.

The congressional, and perhaps one should add the newspaper, investigations into the affairs of the CIA are a truly astonishing spectacle. It is hard

Mr. Lejeune is NR's London correspondent.

for any Englishman or indeed any European to understand how presumably patriotic politicians and journalists can really think it wise or proper to parade in full public view the methods and weaknesses of their country's main intelligence organization. The walls of the Kremlin must be rocking with uncontrollable laughter. And personally I realized more than ever the harm which has flowed from the Watergate witch-hunt.

A less startling, but still remarkable, phenomenon which strikes any traveler in America now is the extent to which the black population is being officially cosseted and flattered in a way which I should have thought positively insulting; and, equally noticeable, the resentment which is building up among even liberal whites.

That women in America—where, far from being oppressed, they have always been privileged and powerful—should be treated in a rather similar fashion, at least by the media, is probably more irritating than serious—except that there is a serious element of intellectual corruption involved. No caption-writer in his normal senses would solemnly employ such ludicrous words as “councilpersons” and “chairpersons” and “salespersons,” or refer to an actress as “Ms.” No television news editor, the balance of whose mind had not been disturbed, could think that the opening of a woman's bank in New York was the most important event which had taken place in the entire world that day. And yet, paradoxically, ordinary American women

seem more deliberately feminine in their manners, more absorbed in their homes and their families, than contemporary European women.

“Everybody used to be happy,” an old lady in Charleston said to me. “Now nobody is.” The prophets of discontent, their voices magnified and multiplied by the media, have been treated with undue respect in America. A little healthy skepticism, a dose of salutary laughter, would do everybody a power of good. The mushiness which has infested schools and universities may be partly a cause, partly a consequence; certainly it is not unconnected. The contrast between the traditional American schoolmarm, tough and sensible, molding a nation, and modern American schoolteachers with their heads full of the latest educational theory is one which deserves notice and should provoke thought. It could be taken as a paradigm of many other changes in American life.

All these developments have their reflections in Britain, but the processes have not yet gone so far. Other developments, of course, have gone much further, with America following some distance behind.

To anybody revisiting Washington after a long interval, as I did, or even just reading American newspapers again, the socialist undertow which has set in is very noticeable. Assumptions about the need for, and propriety of, collectivist remedies, which ten years ago would have been at least highly controversial, are now taken for granted. The demand for a National

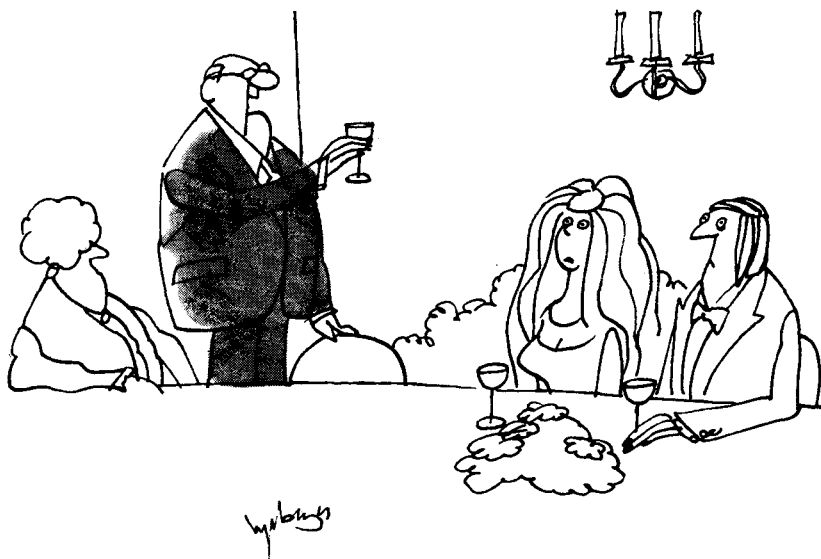
Health Service is only one, and perhaps not the most typical, example: but it is particularly ironic to find Americans wanting to copy the British system just when the British system is on the verge of collapse.

Copying Britain's inflation is an even bigger mistake, since inflation ultimately destroys everything. It can rightly be called a “mistake” (or perhaps a crime), because inflation is not something which happens by act of God, or even through the acts of labor unions, big business, or Arab oil sheiks. Rising wages and prices are no more the cause of inflation than a rising thermometer is the cause of a heat-wave. Inflation is caused by governments. If they stand firm, nobody else can debase the currency. And they ought to stand firm, because the short surge of apparent prosperity achieved by debasing the currency is an illusion, a bubble that will burst, leaving a worse condition than before.

IN BRITAIN, slowly and painfully, something approaching intellectual agreement on this subject has been reached. By contrast, the argument in America about President Ford's demand for simultaneous tax cut and cuts in government spending—an argument in which inflation is frequently not even mentioned—seems terrifyingly frivolous. American unions, in their call for “reflation” (which means inflation), are beginning to sound like British unions. And it is deeply depressing to hear reputable American economists still talk as if a nation's economy could be fine-tuned to trade off a little more inflation against a little less unemployment. Britain has been all through that game and the results are plain to see.

Ten years ago, before these domestic preoccupations loomed so large, I still hoped that America would, in her own fashion, take up the imperial role which Britain had abandoned. I thought that the keen young men one met in Washington might, in their grave concern for international affairs and their dedication to the cause of freedom, resemble more closely than their contemporaries in Britain the sort of men who once created and policed the *Pax Britannica*. Alas, that hope was wrecked, and the wreckage litters the American scene. Nothing has

(Continues on page 107)



“... To another joint return...”

A FABLE

The Man with Somebody Else's Mouth

JOHN KEEFAUVER

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a man named Dick, who woke up one morning to discover that the mouth on his face was not his own. Although of course this was hard for him to believe, it was a lot easier than believing that his own mouth had grown so large that if his feet were where his ears were, they would have been just about in his mouth.

Now, Dick was of the firmest opinion that an ear-to-ear mouth, whether yours or somebody else's, was something that happened to other people. Never to him. So if he just kept his mouth shut, no one would know about his problem and it would go away and his familiar mouth would be back where it belonged, right under his familiar nose and above his familiar chin.

Days passed, though, and the mouth stayed gigantic. Sometimes, in fact, it seemed to be growing even larger, as if it were trying to eat his ears, especially when he opened it in the privacy of his home. Outside his home, he at first tried to keep it shut, but that became harder and harder to do, so he developed a sort of pucker that allowed him to speak mumbled, puckered words that somewhat disguised the size of his mouth and also allowed him to speak out of its side, though, indeed, the procedure attracted stares best described as curious and baffled.

He finally went to see a doctor when it became obvious that the mouth on his face wasn't becoming his own; but when the doctor asked him what seemed to be the trouble, he couldn't tell him the truth and kept his mouth shut. He was sure that the doctor would think he was crazy if he told him that he was wearing somebody else's mouth, or that the doctor would simply tell him to take a couple of aspirins every four hours and get out of the office more.

A strange mouth had to be lived with. Perhaps his problem was not as

rare as he thought. There might well be others with alien mouths. He'd write to the newspapers and possibly uncover thousands of people who were wearing other people's mouths. Maybe there was a club, an air charter group, cruises, reunions.

"Dear Editor: While putting on my tie in front of a mirror recently, I was surprised to note that my mouth had been replaced by somebody else's. Perhaps among your readers there are others who . . ."

His letter drew only one reply. A vice president of a dentures firm wrote that if his company could be of any help, Dick should please feel free to get in touch.

He ran a classified ad requesting anyone with information about an accidental mix-up of mouths to address him at a post office box number. In response, he received a letter from an outfit that offered to bug anybody he suspected of having switched mouths on him; a photograph and letter from a woman who, although her mouth was "normal," had "ample-size" ears and thought that they might find something in common; and a second letter from the dentures executive urging him to please get in touch.

DICK CONSIDERED communicating with the government about his problem. He went down the list, but he couldn't find a program for the relief, rehabilitation, subsidy, preservation, licensing, suppression, inspection, or impeachment of people wearing another person's mouth. Besides, he couldn't be put into a computer, and since he couldn't be put into a computer it was impossible for the government, even if it did have a Mouth Department, to communicate with him.

At a wine-tasting party one night, he, drinking instead of tasting, opened his mouth all the way. Fortunately, he opened it in front of a book pub-

lisher, who immediately signed him to write *Mouth*, *Son of Mouth*, and, if the first two did well, *Strange Is the Mouth*.

They did well. Dick's mouth became the biggest attraction on television talk shows. Next, Hollywood made a film of his mouth which outdrew *Deep Throat*. Specialists paid him a fortune just to get a look inside. The President of the United States invited him to dinner. There was, in fact, even a movement to try and get Dick to run for the Presidency.

By this time, of course, thousands of cranks were claiming that Dick was wearing their long-lost mouths. But by now Dick, naturally, was claiming that the mouth was his own.

Dick's mouth became so swollen with success that it took over his entire face. When you saw Dick, you saw only mouth. This confused him because, no matter what he claimed publicly, he secretly wasn't sure if his mouth was actually his, grown successful, or if it was somebody else's, as he'd first thought, and if it *was* his, was it he you saw or was it only his mouth? Was he behind his mouth? Was he just a mouth? Nevertheless, he liked a successful mouth, no matter whose it was, and he certainly hoped that it was his own, grown, even if the rest of him hadn't.

WHEN HE WAS elected to the Presidency on a platform of "Bigger and Better," he had come around to a point where he was 99 per cent sure that it was his own mouth, swollen with success. But just to prove it to himself, he'd try to put his foot in it. If it was his, his foot wouldn't go in. If it wasn't his, it would. He was sure of this because he knew very well that he'd never put his foot in his mouth in all his life.

It went in. He was disappointed, of course. Nevertheless, swallowing his foot, he went on to bigger and better things.

Moral: It's all right to put your foot in your mouth sometimes, no matter whose it is, but when you swallow it without swallowing your pride, too, you're bound to go on to bigger and better things, unfortunately. □

An early NR entry of Mr. Keefauver's has been included in the latest Alfred Hitchcock anthology.

WHEN AUSTRIA'S Christian Democratic Party (the *Volkspartei*) lost its third election in a row last year, some serious soul-searching began among European Christian Democrats. True, the *Volkspartei* had committed the grossest of mistakes: while Austria's Socialist Chancellor was promising to subordinate everything, absolutely everything, to the task of maintaining full employment, the *Volkspartei* declared that the Socialist government was leading the country into total bankruptcy. Under those circumstances, the average person, trembling for his job, not the least bit surprisingly voted for the Socialists.

Yet the grave tactical errors of the Austrian *Volkspartei* do not explain the general stagnation, if not decomposition, of the Christian Democratic Parties around the world. In Latin America, where not long ago it showed signs of growth, Christian Democracy is rapidly disappearing. In Portugal, Christian Democracy stands on the sidelines; in the Spanish underground, it hobnobs with pink and red organizations. In France it has ceased to exist. In the British Isles it never even made a start. In the Benelux countries it lost the lead, and in Italy it barely manages to retain some unity within its severely reduced ranks. In Germany the Christian Democratic Union (CDU) does put up a fairly good fight; only in highly conservative Switzerland does Christian Democracy hold its own.

What Is Christian Democracy?

What, one asks, explains the decline of the once heralded Christian Democracy? The answer is, many things. The term "Christian Democracy" sprang up in the first half of the last century, and even then a notable Swiss essayist, Alexandre Vinet, pointed out that in such a label the noun is likely to swallow the adjective. Democracy is, after all, a purely *political* concept, which was reborn in the French Revolution in a sinister forest of guillotines. It stands only for majority rule and political equality. We, in our confusion, have become used to identifying democracy

with one specific subspecies, *liberal* democracy, which, because of its liberal element, tends to guarantee personal freedom and minority protection. However, to the Christian, equality—a term that does not appear in Holy Scriptures—is meaningless: the sinner and the saint are surely not equal in the sight of God. Neither does majority rule mean anything to a Christian—majorities can be wrong, and minorities right. Thus "Christian Democracy" as a principle, if it exists at all, makes little sense. Originally, Christian Democracy arose within the parliamentary framework as a defensive move by Christians, mostly Catholics, to guard their position and the rights of the Church against anticlerical parties. At that time they didn't use the democratic label.

The "Christian Social Party" of Austria defended lower middle class interests. Italy's *Popolari* were originally supposed to stem the Marxist tide but soon got into trouble with the Fascists. Christian (actually mostly Catholic) parties arose in Switzerland, Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, Slovakia, the Netherlands, Belgium, Spain, and Lithuania. But none of these bore the label "democratic." The entire Christian, and not only the Catholic, tradition was hostile to that label and to much of what it stood for. That situation changed only after World War II when, in his 1944 Christmas Allocution, Pius XII gave to the term "democracy" an elitarian and thus positive interpretation. Then, under the psychological impact of the victory of the Allies (including the "great Soviet democracy"), Christian Democratic Parties, labeled as such, appeared in many nations.

The continued strength of the German CDU (which, in coalition with the Christian Socialist Union, is Germany's largest political grouping) is due to a specific situation: the successful effort to bring together, in the land of the Reformation, Catholics and Evangelical Christians. But in other regions the Christian Democratic Parties failed. In most countries they are *de facto* Catholic parties, and the crisis in the Catholic Church has much to do with their stagnation. The strong motivation to defend the spiritual and moral values of

the Church has apparently vanished. What remains is merely contempt for—or fear of—the Left. Agnostics or lukewarm Christians who were anti-Left (and not "fascist-minded") usually voted for the Christian Democrats in such sizable numbers that some organizers proposed dispensing altogether with the term "Christian."

There are also, of course, practical reasons for the poor record of the Christian Democratic Parties. Unlike the largely Marxist parties of the Left, they overvalue the virtue of prudence (read: "they lack courage"). They want to belong neither to the Left nor to the Right, partly because they don't know what is right and what is left in concrete political terms. In addition, they are usually meek, and shy away from a justified use of power.

Hope without Vision

At the bottom of "Christian Democracy" lies the bitter and incontrovertible fact: the term is really meaningless. It is not based on any ideology, conclusive philosophy, or religious teaching. I have frequently asked Christian Democratic politicians what they understand the term to mean. In reply they have only enumerated the things they were eager to *prevent*. When pressed further, they admitted that Christian Democracy lived only on the hope or expectation that voters, guided by the light of faith and noble emotions, would elect decent and dedicated Christian representatives. That was all. No vision. No specific goal to strive for; nothing worth a struggle, let alone death.

In the present ideological strife, with the near-monopoly of the Marxists in Western Europe and Latin America, the Christian Democratic Parties present a sad picture. Germany and Switzerland give the only reasons for encouragement. Otherwise the map of the West is covered with the sickbeds and tombs of Christian Democratic Parties. One wonders where the light will eventually come from. Perhaps from the East, which gave us Solzhenitsyn—a man who has a more profound understanding of Christian politics than most of us in the West. □

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And the Home of the Brave

THE FREE MARKET economist is far less utopian than his enemies paint him. He doesn't claim perfection in a society run by laissez-faire. All he says is that governmental coercion is less direct and less effective as a problem-solver than the people when left to themselves.

That much is obvious, especially in the realm of nuts and bolts, insurance policies, train rides, and housing. But a society cannot perpetuate itself by gadgetry. Sooner or later it must come up with a generation of patriots and heroes to respond to enemies over the sea. The question then will be whether governmental coercion can produce bravery.

Russian troops dropped their arms and fled to Hitler as long as the warfare stopped short of eating up Russian soil. Then the defense of the motherland seemed more urgent than the scuttling of Stalin, and the defections ceased. When war comes to the heartland, government troops are transformed into patriots. We can probably count on that when war comes to the United States' homeland—when the troops attack in Minnesota and Florida, the subs fire their missiles from the Gulf to Kansas, the bombers rake our port cities. We'll all be patriots then.

How about right now? Is "bravery" a corny word? "Land of the Free" is corny, and I selected it as the title for my column in a personal salute to the old virtues.

I am sending my sons to military schools. My friends, and even some members of my family, raise their eyebrows and stretch a perplexed half-smile over their lips. "Military schools?" they ask. "Isn't that militaristic?" Or: "What's wrong with your sons?" Or: "Well, I would never send a son of mine to military school!"

Wilhelm Rickenbacker came to this country at the age of 22 and, in 1898,

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

at the age of 41, volunteered to serve in the Spanish-American War. He was turned down because of his age and because he had a wife and six children and he was their only support. He was considered a hero.

His sons volunteered to serve in the First World War and one of them, Edward, became America's Ace of Aces, winning 19 decorations for bravery, including the Medal of Honor, and coming home to tickertape parades up Broadway and triumphal tours of a hundred cities from coast to coast. He wasn't considered corny.

His sons also served: David volunteered at 17 and served four years in the Marine Corps during the Second World War. David's younger brother served four years as a pilot in the Air Force during the Korean War. It is, after all, 1776 plus two hundred, and we are permitted to wave the flag without apology.

AND YET there is that queer undercurrent of social feeling that one encounters. "What? Military school? Why?" That would not have been encountered in 1898 or 1914 or 1941 or 1950.

I had been in the Cadet Corps at Randolph Field only two months when General of the Armies Douglas MacArthur made his farewell speech to Congress. There I was, learning to fly, preparing to defend my country, and listening to one of my heroes explain why a policy of victory was unsuited to the present age. I flew in Korea while the Chinese Communists were permitted to shunt their strength to the north because there was no danger of Chiang's troops making a second-front attack in the south, because in turn the American Seventh Fleet was patrolling the Strait of Taiwan, making it impossible for Chiang to attack, because in turn someone in Washington had decided that we were no longer the home of the brave.

Once, maneuvering a C-47 along in the spray at wave-top level in order to avoid the Communist shore batteries, I asked myself what I was doing, peering through the intermittent screen of mist as the windshield wipers smacked back and forth, arching the plane up ten

feet now and then to avoid a seagull, slapping her down to wave-top height at 175 miles an hour—me, an honors graduate of Harvard, linguist, musician, born with a silver spoon in my mouth, hoping to "live the life of the mind" and, perhaps, write a book some day. Why me? Driving along under the noses of the radar-controlled cannons—me, armed with nothing more than a .45 in my shoulder holster?

My answer was that it must be precisely my kind of person who must gladly give it all away for the sake of his country if his country is to survive. We can count on Archie Bunker, God bless him. But Archie isn't MacArthur, he isn't a cryptanalyst, he isn't a journalist writing to the millions of Archies. Our country will start dying when the upper classes find "bravery" and "honor" more difficult words to write than the four-letter words which are now the sign of honesty in novelists, publishers, and comedians.

I am happy to say that there are vestiges, even now, of the old virtues. In the preliminary skirmishes we have had with federal academies, such as the Air Force Academy and West Point, we have learned that there are some twenty applicants for every opening available. I believe someone told me there are 17,000 applicants to Annapolis each year. Somewhere, out there in our broad land (which the upper classes call the "provinces" until the "provinces" must provide the bodies in war to protect the upper classes), there are hundreds of thousands of young men and women who think it is no dishonor to attend a military academy. *Duty, honor, country.* Outrageous words indeed.

People are climbing mountains, taking karate lessons, camping in the wilderness, flying sailplanes, doing all manner of perilous and challenging things. The bravery is there; the grace under pressure, courage. The people have it. But where are our leaders? □

William F. Rickenbacker, editor of the Rickenbacker Report, recently signed a contract with David McKay for William Rickenbacker's Savings and Investment Guide, to be published next spring.

Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Atlantic City

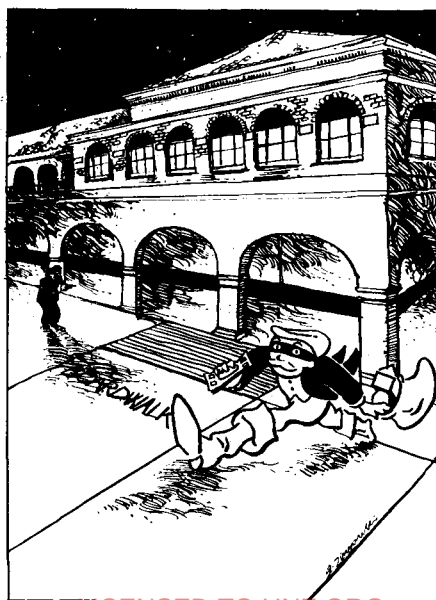
There's a chain lock on my motel balcony door. It brings me up short, something sprained in the elbow pit. Return to Go, Do Not Collect \$200. Outside I can see asphalted roofs and their op-art breathing devices. You've heard about second-story men, but this is the fifth story; I stare down, then left/right in admiration. The drop is murderous. I have this thing about heights; I still sleep with a bed rail. It'd require needs that I can't comprehend—or perhaps some heroic spite—to shinny along like Spider Man, then swing out/around the wide balcony divider. No tourist's Nikon is worth that.

It's December in Atlantic City, on the calendar and in the soul. A few good days remain; this is one of them—forty degrees and sunlit—but you can't quite swallow bumper stickers that say *THERE WILL ALWAYS BE AN AC*. Get in step with people on the seven-mile-long Boardwalk—it's not hard, most move slowly, most are old—you pick up the death notices one by one. "I'll tell my husband I saw you; he'll be sorry to hear the sad news." "Then we realized maybe it wasn't such successful surgery . . ." "He would come down, but it embarrasses him, you know—for his friends to see." The stores that say *WE'RE OPEN* do not convince. A black cabdriver tells me, "This town is on its last legs. In season they charge too much, people don't come back. Sheeet, this isn't Miami Beach. I picked up four guys from a bar. They spent seventy dolluhs and they wasn't even *drunk*."

It's off season, of course, but these days no one in America can afford an off-season. The matter-of-fact Disney World people have costed it out: only

a 12-month resort operation will survive. The magnificent, enormous old hotels have closed until May: that's a lot of down time in the plant. Their architecture is splendid, elegantly wasteful; you might weep for an optimism that once was. My grandparents took my mother, aged 12, to Atlantic City for one night in an unreliable and borrowed touring car. The Chalfonte Haddon Hall is still there, on its valuable green real estate, North Carolina Avenue. In the Twenties, Chalfonte Haddon Hall was glamorous and unapproachable, at least to a poor 12-year-old girl. Now Howard Johnson's, with its orange-roofed, year-round efficiency, is the solar plexus of AC. A lifelong resident says, "Heck, there's no action. Used to be a red light district but they replaced it with a stop sign. You may not like hookers, but when they go—man, that means you've passed away."

The dying will be expensive and long. Death is a growth industry in America; where else do stores open with *Going Out of Business* sales? There's to be a new \$15-million Hilton in AC. Steam shovels crouch over the



famous Steel Pier, sharing its wooden carcass: renovations for 1976. Other piers have cut their losses—here and there segments stand, like sections of Roman aqueduct, discontinuous, given up to the sea. At dusk just one small arcade is open. I try to beat a pinball or two. The money-changer and I are alone, interrupted only once, by a gentleman in evening dress who, with immense dignity, fingers all the return slots for overlooked change. The arcade man, a middle-aged black, reminisces for me. "When I was young, you could take lunch and spend a whole day on the Steel Pier. Now it costs \$3.75 just to get in. The town has changed, especially the teenagers. If we kids took a smoke, man, we was really doing something. Now you wouldn't believe it."

Y ES, I would. AC seems to have a counterculture amusement industry as well. Maybe it's chance, but in one night I see more petty crime than I've ever seen in one New York City night—and I come from the Upper West Side. Item: Ten young blacks, male and female, liberate a men's room in the AC bus terminal, spritzing water, unfurling toilet paper rolls like New Year's Eve streamers. The security guard can't hack it alone. But they Get Out of Jail Free before a squad car pulls up. Item: For no ostensible reason bricks cave in two station wagon windows. Item: At Atlantic and Tennessee, respectable downtown, a plainclothesman chases three black shoplifters. While he handcuffs one, two others hightail it across Atlantic and right at me. "Stop them!" shouts the plainclothesman. They run, grinning, no older than 13, tops. I set myself to throw a cross body block, but they pull the old switch-off. "He did it!" they yell and each points at the other. Hesitant, I arm-tackle laughter going by. My reflexes are shot: I capture a trash basket instead and, just barely, my balance. Hell, I don't live here anyhow.

AC is a relict: an urban resort, probably one of our last. Tourists don't colonize it as they colonize, say, Miami Beach. Tourists just pass through, men and women momentarily released from time. The indigenous peoples are teased by an air of freedom. The brash holiday front can exasperate when you live in time, particularly nine-to-five time, particularly during

winter. It's a party the town will never crash. There's perhaps greater emotional distance between the tourist and the citizen than there is between rich and poor. Modern resort builders know that different times—Holiday Time and Eastern Standard Time—won't coexist in comfort. Disney World, for instance, is miles from any urban center: geographical matters are an aspect of fantasy.

Shoplifting doesn't impress me much, but the Atlantic Avenue bus does. Out of a dozen riders, seven are smoking and none with furtiveness. Even in Mugger Town I have never seen such easy, accepted, spiteful disrespect for law. This was, I sensed, their bit of resort atmosphere. And I knew why someone had put a chain lock on my balcony door. □

PLACES

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

Taxco Tryst

The view from the window extends thirty or forty miles, down the valley, past the twin baroque towers of the cathedral, over the mountains, on into the hot plains (*Tierra Caliente*) leading to Acapulco. The sun, rising, spreads a cool blue light on the terrace and gardens. The patio, shaded by yucca and bamboo trees, is a special observatory from which to watch the special beauty of the Mexican dawn.

La Cumbre Soñada is the name of the hotel. It means, The Sleepy Summit. The suite, featuring a huge living room with a black and white tiled floor, fireplace, oak furniture, bright *tapa* hangings, and large windows, is called *Buenas Noches*. Last night I put my head on the pillow, looked up at the ivy winding around the ceiling, saw the full moon frosting the palm trees, and I understood why.

Ishmael went to sea when, overwhelmed by melancholy, he found himself "bringing up the rear of every funeral" he saw. Creeping gloom hits us all. The symptoms are usually the same: not wanting to get out of bed to start the day, failing to smile at the ironies, failing to laugh at oneself.

An alarm rings inside. Time to go into Taxco; to walk about the *xocalo* (town square) and talk with the wom-

en who cook *gorditas* on open stoves; to drink tequila punch at Bertha's Bar where, years ago, it is said, Steinbeck wrote a novel, and Tennessee Williams sketched *Night of the Iguana*; to buy silver bracelets and argue over the price; to wander through the nave of the baroque cathedral, with, at one corner, a plastic doll wrapped in lace—the Holy Infant of Prague—inside a glass case, a sign underneath promising, the spirit of Vatican II notwithstanding, a hundred-day indulgence in return for a novena said in the Infant's presence. Next to the bishop's signature is the date, 1789.

TEN MILLION Americans indulge themselves in Mexico each year. Many of them venture the three-hour drive from Mexico City to Taxco, the small old silver town lodged at 8,000 feet in the quiet mountain range that skirts the great volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtacihuatl. There are no tennis courts, no bullfights, no botanical gardens, no four-star restaurants, no one-star restaurants, no beaches, and, with the exception of the cathedral, no monuments. Most Americans who travel the road continue on down to Acapulco, 200 miles farther along, where the management knows what the Yanqui likes best. A few turn off the mountain road and take the cobblestone fork, winding through the mediievally congested streets that converge on the *xocalo*. I suspect that those who come back and back to Mexico, go again and again to Taxco, stuffing Acapulco—with its swimming pools and plastic gardenias and Hilton hotels—deep in

the memory, abutting all the other beaches.

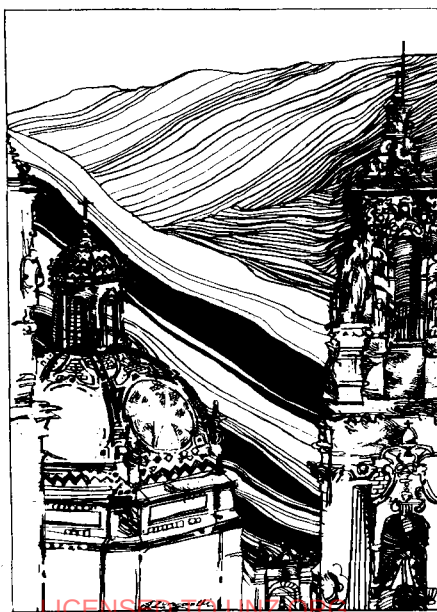
Especially toward sunset, you wonder why they bothered to push the highway along. Especially at Bertha's, where the house drink ("The Bertha") goes down slow and easy. I'm working on my second, and a friend is reading aloud from a favorite book, between sips. "The old epic poets," the passage goes, "at least knew how to tell a story, possibly a tall story but never a twisted story, never a story tortured out of its own shape to fit theories and philosophies invented centuries afterwards. . . . But anyhow it is true that this, which is our first poem, might very well be our last poem too. It might well be the last word as well as the first word spoken by man about his mortal lot, as seen by merely mortal vision. If the world becomes pagan and perishes, the last man left alive would do well to quote the *Iliad* and die."

The world has become more pagan, probably, since those lines were written in 1925; but icons are tenacious, and one building in Taxco, centuries after its construction, still embraces the sacred symbols as strongly as the *Iliad*, two thousand years after its birth, embraces and epitomizes a system of gods, brave men, and beautiful women.

MY FRIEND and I are far from the world of the *Iliad*, but at the center of another poem that is written every day when Taxco's people come down from the hills at dusk to meet. It's a poem in free verse. Only one of its stanzas has any form: the cathedral.

The cathedral was built in 1741 by one José de la Borda, who made his fortune by sinking mine-shafts into the silver-rich lodes nearby. Old José ended up very rich and presumably very apprehensive about his standing with his Maker; so that, approaching the end of his years, he gave the elders enough silver to construct this massive house of worship. It rises grandly above the town; thousands of pigeons roost in the bell towers. The altar bristles with gold.

José's coat of arms bore the legend, "*Dios da a de la Borda; de la Borda da a Dios.*" ("God gives to de la Borda; de la Borda gives to God.") David Siqueiros took note of José's scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours epigram, and came forth with a huge canvas depicting the silver baron, in regal attire, throwing a few coppers at a starving, beggar-like Jesus. Never mind. Si-



queiros is dead now, and has to face not only God, but Trotsky, at whom he fired all those wasted bullets right through the door of Trotsky's bedroom, months before a more seasoned mechanic made one more hit for Uncle Joe Stalin. José is surely resting in relative peace, close to his silver; and the cathedral still stands, his grand gesture of faith in God, who frowns on conspicuous waste but whose grandeur is enhanced by the extravagant sacrifices of the faithful. José's offering, visible from the sleepy summit, stands erect, graceful, slightly aloof, presiding indulgently over the daily business of Taxco, where so much pleasure and peace is taken. Enough to make a man stop following funeral processions. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Crème Chantilly or Lunar Cheesecake

Forever anxious to keep up the impossibly high standards set for me in the Special Harriet Van Horn Issue, your indefatigable Mother Hazelton has recently explored two different aspects of the world of eating: haut kulturny French, and populist American.

American tourism in France must not be doing quite as well as in those balmy days when we had plenty of money to spend there and did not mind the natives' being rude to us for doing so, as I remember only too well. Now the natives appear to be friendly, but when tea at the Plaza Athénée is \$14 a head and dinner at the Tour d'Argent around \$75 before wine, as a recent visitor to Paris told me, Americans are staying away. To woo us back, the French Government Tourist Office, a hotel association, and several other French organizations sent a massive delegation of Frenchmen headed by a minister of tourism and five of France's most famous chefs: Bocuse, Bise, Chapel, Outhier, and Troisgros. Kneel when you read this, since eating at their Michelin-starred restaurants is so expensive that it boggles the mind. I asked one of the chefs—Chapel, I believe—why this had to be so; he

only looked wounded and said it had to be so. The delegation put on an enormous reception at the Hilton for American travel and food writers and for all the Frenchmen in New York. Each chef stood behind his own table with his specialties, in the mediocre version produced by the Hilton staff (inevitable, but sad), and gave autographs. The only pretty table was the one with all the French cheeses, which looked and tasted delectable indeed. They are still the best of their kind in the whole world. Before the food they had shown a film of France and all the enormous and obviously empty new hotels. The whole occasion made it quite clear that French tourism is interested only in the big spenders, the people who eat nothing but starred meals, lunch and dinner, every day.

For the occasion, an organization that I respect for its sensible way of promoting French foods, Food and Wines from France, invited a number of American food journalists to a luncheon at Lutèce in honor of the Famous French Chefs. This was charming and elegant, and the food marvelous. We had a mousse of squab in a little brioche, a featherlight bite, just the right size; a sausage made of mixed seafood with a shrimp sauce, a triumph of delicate sophistication; venison, which was non-aggressive, the highest compliment I can pay venison; and a very fresh broccoli purée. The Brie was great and the dessert, a cold raspberry soufflé, the essence of raspberries at the height of their flavor.

EACH Famous French Chef presided over a table of American writers and French co-travelers, watching carefully what the other Famous French Chefs were up to. With the exception of Paul Bocuse, who has become his own monument and does not wear his honors gracefully, the FFCs were pleasant, homespun men who seemed to be glad to leave their own kitchens for a while. But if one had hoped for gastronomic revelations from those famous mouths, one was disappointed; all I learned was that the price of truffles is a hundred francs a kilo, if I heard rightly. I wondered if anybody had thought of giving the FFCs some of our own American food—oyster stews, clam chowders, gumbos, jambalayas, corn bread, corn puddings, pies—or thought of taking them to a local supermarket or a Baskin-Robbins ice cream shop.

Baskin-Robbins gave a luncheon in the Promenade Restaurant at Rockefeller Center to celebrate its 31st anniversary. In honor of the occasion, it seemed only right to taste all of the 31 flavors they offered. In small scoops, they made a lovely, colorful ensemble on my plate, and I was sorry that I could do no more than taste. I thought them all very good, especially the fruit ice creams, and wished myself back to the age of ten. At that time, when my parents took me to eat ice cream, the first portion was to devour, the second to savor. Three or four times a year, I was allowed to eat all I wanted, on the principle—alas, only too true—that never would ice cream taste as good as between the ages of seven and twelve.

BASKIN-ROBBINS is a lovely American success story. In 1945, its founder, a youthful dairyman called Irvine Robbins, and his partner, the late Mr. Baskin, dreamt up the idea of selling nothing but ice cream in their own shops. They started out in Glendale, California and today, there are more than 1,600 stores around the country and in Canada, Japan, and Belgium. The company controls just about everything in its franchised stores: the location, the ice cream, the marketing, the personnel, etc. I was told that to merit a franchise, one must love people and wish to serve them personally. It costs around \$50,000, depending on location, to acquire a franchise, and the franchisee must put in the necessary equipment, which, however, remains his own. The idea of the ice cream flavors is to keep up with the times. When the Dodgers moved to L.A. in 1958, Baskin-Robbins introduced "Baseball Nut"; when the first astronauts set foot on the Moon in 1969, "Lunar Cheesecake" appeared in the stores soon after.

Children's parties and ice cream is one of those American institutions one must not trifle with, and my suggestion, based upon personal experience, is the following. Give the kids whatever sum you think right for them to spend on their own. Then take them to 1) a dime store; and when they've bought the junk all children crave but do not get from their highminded parents, take them to 2) a Baskin-Robbins store and let them eat all the ice cream they want. It will be a great success. □

BOOKS

The People as Enemy of the People

WALTER CONNOR

In the late 1960s, America was treated to a profusion of books aimed at explaining the pathology of its anti-Communism. Some of these simply ignored the Soviet Union, others had at least *something* to say about it, generally finding its reality, however seamy, insufficient to justify the anti-Communist "mania" of Americans. One of them, a 1969 book (it is perhaps more charitable not to mention the title or the author), comes vividly to mind. The author found fault with the "anti-Communist writers" who had claimed that 15 to 25 million people were in Soviet slave labor camps at any one time, with millions perishing to be replaced by millions more. Such figures suggested a total that "would have consisted of an astonishing proportion of the Soviet population." This he found on its face implausible, and capped his case by observing that when, after 1953, the camps were "abolished" (!) "there was no sign of twenty million half-starved victims pouring back into Soviet life. Labor camp inmates numbered in the thousands." A peculiar way of reasoning it is which, from the contemporary absence of surviving victims, concludes that no victimization of immense proportions could have taken place.

PECULIAR, but not atypical. There could be no more effective counter to this whole genre than the almost 700 text pages of *Gulag II*—a reminder to the forgetful, a challenge to the unbelieving, and, most importantly, a monumental revelation to the Western generations that have only reached maturity since the death of Stalin, and whose ignorance is thus more explicable.

Gulag II picks up where Solzhenitsyn left his audience at the end of its predecessor: at the gates of the camps, on the docks of the thousands of islands in the Archipelago. This is a chronicle of degradation and destruction, salvation and survival, with an emphasis on the former. The empire of the camps dominated not only the millions who were sent there, but much of Soviet society. Many of the inmates were, of course, "enemies of the people." But, as Solzhenitsyn observes, if we

estimate the number of "politicals," then add three times that number to account for the members of their families who were "banished, suspected, humiliated, and persecuted—then we shall be forced to admit to our astonishment that for the first time in history the *people* had become *its own enemy* . . ."

When the people have assumed such a peculiar stance—in opposition to themselves—nothing, however bizarre or atrocious, is beyond the realm of pos-

The Gulag Archipelago II
By Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn
Harper and Row, 712 pp.,
\$15 (cloth); \$2.50 (paper)

sibility; not the imprisonment of a six-year-old boy under the catchall political "Article 58"; not people lined up, for days, in a freezing shed in a penalty camp, simply waiting to be shot; not the camp at Adak, where the condemned "were tipped into big pits that had already been prepared and *buried alive*. Not out of brutality, no. It had been ascertained that when dragging and lifting them, it was much easier to cope with living people than with corpses."

THESE ARE the extremes, of course—of a very extreme situation. The "normal" camps—with starvation rations, backbreaking labor, and the eternal cold—were bad enough for most of their inmates: for people like a tailor, who "laying aside his needle stuck it into a newspaper on the wall so it wouldn't get lost and happened to stick it in the eye of a portrait of Kaganovich. A customer observed this: Article 58, ten years (terrorism)." Solzhenitsyn estimates that during the worst years, 1 per cent of the camp population perished *daily*. It seems an incredible figure, but one must recall that camp



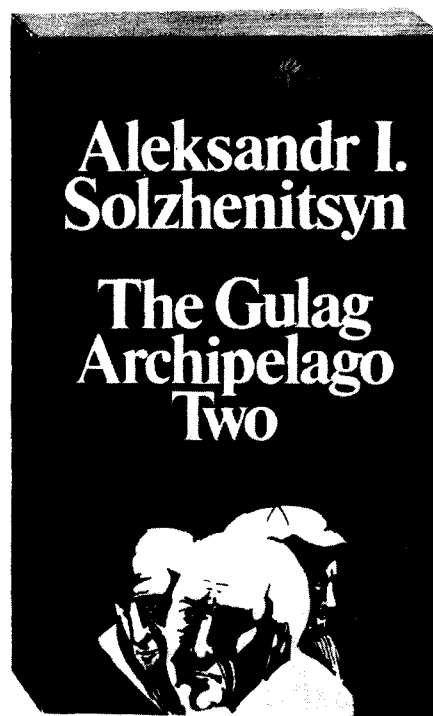
The sensational volume II of Solzhenitsyn's Gulag Archipelago FREE with your renewal to National Review

Here is a super savings offer you won't want to miss. We'll send you a free and postpaid copy of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag II* if you will use the card opposite this page to subscribe to *National Review* now for a full year (or extend your present subscription, no matter when it's due to expire). You pay no more than the current rate of \$17.50 for a full year of NR and get this monumental book (retail price \$2.50) mailed to you *absolutely free of charge*.

And what a book it is! Even *Time* says that this one "may well be Solzhenitsyn's most stunning achievement to date"! It's an anti-Communist bombshell filled with incredible (but true) details about life in the slave camps in which—according to one estimate—more than 50 million people

have perished in conditions that would defy description *except* by one of the world's greatest writers (speaking from first-hand experience!).

Indeed, it's so fantastic you'll have to remind yourself at times that this *is* all true, and not a work of fiction. And it's so powerfully written you almost feel you are right there, seeing with your own eyes this unbelievable hell-on-earth the Soviets have created. *The Gulag Archipelago II* (fully indexed and containing a valuable glossary of Russian names and institutions) is one of those rare books that belong on the bookshelf of every concerned American. You can get *your* free copy by just filling in the handy card facing this page and sending it to us right now. Don't miss this opportunity!



Special Free Offer

populations did fluctuate, and that as long as Stalin saw to it, there was no lack of new recruits. All of which explains why no one should have expected "twenty million half-starved victims" to return in the mid-1950s.

People have been remarkably ready to bypass or simply forget all this. Though 1937 was a banner year for tourism in Moscow, tourists did not notice the acceleration of terror—they were in their beds in the Metropol or the National when the organs of state security cast their nocturnal nets. Sartre, who knew better, was willing to lie, since if the "workers of the West" knew about the camps, they would have lost all hope in that shining beacon in the East. Twenty years and more have passed since the émigré survivors—Weissberg, Lipper, Beck, and Godin—wrote their accounts, and only a small portion of the reading public attended to Conquest's monumental *The Great Terror* (1968). That these works are not fresh in the minds of readers makes Solzhenitsyn's message all the more important. For people *do* forget, and it is not only history that is forgotten. The rulers of the Archipelago have passed on, or now live in peaceful retirement—except for those who *still* work there, on the substantial number of islands remaining. This the President ignored when he found it impolitic to meet with Solzhenitsyn. This is Solzhenitsyn's message, which should be learned, and not forgotten. □

Moscow and the New Left

By Klaus Mehnert

Translated by Helmut Fischer and
Luther Wilson

California, 275 pp., \$12.50

WHAT SOVIET DOGMATISTS DON'T KNOW

ROBERT W. MERRY

It is difficult to argue with the general conclusion Mr. Mehnert draws in this book. After all, he's the one who studied four hundred articles in 25 Moscow periodicals, not to mention innumerable books, pamphlets, and newspaper items—all adding up to

3,000 magazine pages—in order to determine how "Moscow" felt about that curious Western phenomenon, the New Left.

And yet there's a certain hollowness in the book, a lingering sense that the author has completed a long journey—but not quite in the right direction.

Mehnert's conclusion is that Soviet writers were slow to perceive the New Left's significance. They ignored the movement almost entirely during its early stages of development, he says, and only after the 1968 Paris revolt did they begin to take it seriously. But even then, Moscow publications handled the movement gingerly; they were often silly in their interpretations and sometimes downright critical.

THE REASON for this, of course, is that the New Left didn't take its cue from Moscow—indeed, was often openly hostile to Russian Communism—and didn't represent the working class. Moscow writers, observing as always ideological punctilio, returned the hostility, labeling Paris revolutionary Daniel Cohn-Bendit, for example, "a freshly minted leader of a little band of crazy Parisian students." The writers dismissed the movement as the product of "pseudo-revolutionaries," mere "leftists" (always with the damning quotation marks).

Thus, the West's New Left is just another bone in the Russian throat, the latest in a succession of revisionist enemies that includes Trotsky, Tito, Mao, Dubcek—and now Marcuse and his "werewolves." "The irony of it!" writes Mehnert, just in case anyone misses his point. "At last a revolutionary mood had arisen in the capitalist countries. . . . At last Lenin's dreams seemed to bloom worldwide. But what a disappointment! All this did not happen under the leadership and for the glory of Moscow. . . ."

But wouldn't Moscow welcome the New Left's activity as a symptom of the West's cultural decline and the coming end of capitalism? Some writers did, says Mehnert, and a few intellectuals even betrayed a slight infatuation with the movement's idealism. But this aspect was more often played down because of deep fears that Western dissidence was contagious.

Citing Vsevolod Kochetov's 1969 novel, *Just What Do You Want?*, in which Kochetov warns against the spiritual threat of the corrupt West,

Mehnert speculates that Soviet citizens are indeed susceptible to the "socialist-democratic" idealism of Western youth. And that's precisely what keeps Party guardians in the Kremlin fearful, he says.

So there it is, another irreconcilable split between Moscow and the unbaptizable Left. Writes Mehnert: "How beautiful everything would be, according to Moscow, if there were once again only good leftists and evil rightists, as in the good old times before Mao and Marcuse."

But there's something missing in this interpretation, something that doesn't show up in Moscow magazines where keepers of the dogma go about contorting reality to conform to the Marxist-Leninist prescription. What is missing is the strategic implication, the question of the New Left's impact on the West's resolve and its ability to ply the geopolitical waters. And, more important, Moscow's reaction to that impact.

Surely Mehnert isn't trying to tell us that those Kremlin generals and strategists dismissed the New Left's impact on Western resolve simply because those ragged legions burning down our campuses and intimidating our leaders didn't genuflect to Moscow. Surely he's not saying that Mr. Brezhnev merely sniffed in ideological purity when it became apparent that an American President couldn't neutralize Communist sanctuaries in Cambodia without practically tearing his country apart in the process.

BUT OF COURSE the New Left must have had a terrific impact on those Kremlin realists whose concern is not so much with ideology as with territory, power, spheres of influence, and throw-weight. And it's a safe bet that the West's domestic scene—particularly in America—was taken into careful consideration when such questions arose as how much military aid should go to North Vietnam and Portugal, what steps should be taken to exploit the Jordanian civil war, where the line should be held in the SALT negotiations.

Robert W. Merry is on the staff of the National Observer. . . . Jack Chatfield teaches English at the Watkinson School in Hartford. . . . Ronald De Feo reviews often for this and other magazines.

And the intellectuals, those Moscow writers Mehnert spent so much time reading, become almost irrelevant, mere entertainment, as they go about their dream-world ramblings with such theoretical earnestness. In fact, they seem rather like our own academics, don't they? With one difference, though: we take ours seriously. □

Movie-Made America

By Robert Sklar

Random House, 340 pp., \$12.95

NATIVE LAND SEEN IN THE DARK

JACK CHATFIELD

Like so many of my generation, I was a latecomer to the American film. In 1962 I saw Antonioni's *L'Avventura* and thereafter haunted the art theaters of small New England cities and, later, New York. The Thalia, at 95th and Broadway, with a floor that sags in the middle so that the front rows appear to slope up toward the screen, has for me the same sentimental value that some attach to Fenway Park or Wrigley Field. There I sat, often alone, feeling a kind of boyish glee as an unspeakably rich dimension was added to my life. I saw almost nothing but foreign films, and their impact was profound. After seeing movies like Fellini's *8½* and Jean Renoir's *The Rules of the Game*, I felt that I had been given a new set of eyes.

In the past few years, my interest in American films has mushroomed. A decade after my "discovery" of some of the great European directors, I came in from the cold and watched a 16 mm print of D. W. Griffith's 1915 epic, *Birth of a Nation*. It struck me with the force of revelation. I had read about Griffith, but until that moment I had never really believed. I watched the three-hour film twice in a day. I wondered afterward whether that was, in part, an act of atonement.

To one who knew of Raoul Coutard, the French cinematographer, before he had heard of Raoul Walsh, the Hollywood director, and who came to Eisenstein before Griffith, Robert Sklar's history of the movies is both a delight and an inspiration. Hollywood is home

for us all, and Sklar reminds us how little we really know about it. His book is a journey through our native land, over landscapes both legendary and real. No one who reads the book will fail to be surprised at the color and richness of it all.

SKLAR'S BREADTH is impressive. His explication of *montage* is as crisp as his discussion of the studio system or the Production Code. On familiar subjects he is articulate, often brilliant. On the unfamiliar he is nothing short of stunning. Sexuality and violence in American films, he tells us, antedate Clint Eastwood and Linda Lovelace by three-quarters of a century. As early as 1895, Alfred Clark lopped off a dummy's head in *The Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots*, and three years later an unknown director chilled audiences with *Shooting Captured Insurgents, Spanish-American War*. Women stripped to leotards in *Trapeze Disrobing Act* (1901) and *Birth of a Pearl* (1903), and a businessman was caught in an adulterous affair in *The Typewriter* (1902). Women appeared nude in DeMille's *A Daughter of the Gods* (1916) and *Male and Female* (1919). And in Griffith's *Intolerance*, made just after World War I, bare-breasted women are shown carousing in Babylon. What a later generation would call "social radicalism" made an early appearance as well. In Edwin S. Porter's *The Kleptomaniac* and *The Ex-Con* (both 1905), courts and prisons were condemned as unjust and heartless. DeMille's *Ragamuffin* (1915) includes a strike in the garment district. Industrial conflict is one of the four themes in Griffith's *Intolerance*, a film that attacks capital punishment and prisons, and comes close to indicting the whole legal system (one of the movie's villains says: "We must have laws to make people good"). Griffith, as Sklar points out, was "a whole-souled American romantic" whose films portray individuals combatting the evils of poverty, war, religious persecution, and political oppression. Surprisingly, Sklar misses one point about *Birth of a Nation*: that the film was a wholehearted indictment of war. There is one shot, perhaps a conscious imitation of Matthew Brady, that shows dead soldiers in a pile like uncut logs. We know that many Americans, black and white, were outraged by the film's crude racism. How many were shocked by its pacifism?

Most of the early films, of course, were not attacks on the social order but conventional melodramas of upper-class life. Still, it is Sklar's contention that even these "occasional" explorations of social themes virtually ceased after the war. In the age of Prohibition, the revived Klan, and immigration restriction, the movie-makers became cautious. Many were immigrant entrepreneurs like Carl Laemmle, William Fox, and Adolph Zukor, who had pioneered the movies in the nickel theaters of the working class districts. They had already weathered attacks by civic leaders and clergymen, and had lost the first battle against censorship when the Supreme Court held unanimously in 1915 that movies were not protected by the First Amendment. Now they found themselves at the center of the storm again.

The Twenties were the years of the Arbuckle scandal, of Valentino, and of Cecil B. DeMille, whose movies, writes Sklar, "told moviegoers of the necessity for, and the boundaries of, social change that would not disturb the inherited moral order." In the early Thirties, by contrast, the movies erupted in what Sklar calls "one of the most remarkable challenges to traditional values in the history of mass commercial entertainment." Reconciliation and moral

resolution had been the keynotes of Twenties movies. But in films like *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang*, perhaps the most startling of the early Depression dramas, the hero suffers defeat at the hands of unbridled authority and succumbs to unrelieved despair. In gangster films like *Scarface*, *Lit-*



tle Caesar, and *Public Enemy*, criminals were brought down by men and institutions as devious, ruthless, and lawless as themselves. And in the early Mae West films, sexual desire became as natural and as unexceptionable as love of country, courage in battle, and the work ethic.

An influential segment of the American public met the challenge squarely. Apparently backed by the Vatican,

Catholic bishops in 1933 organized the Legion of Decency and threatened to boycott movies that violated the standards set by the new organization. In 1934, as the boycott was about to take effect, the Hollywood producers "sued for peace." Joseph I. Breen, a prominent Catholic layman, was appointed head of the Production Code Administration. Self-censorship had come to Hollywood.

Hollywood's "golden age" continued despite the creation of the Breen office. Yet it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Hollywood's most exciting years were the two decades that came between the start of World War I and the founding of the PCA. Clearly, this era fascinates Sklar, and the final chapters of his book—particularly those on the postwar years—are really anticlimactic. Of course it was Sklar's purpose to trace the decline of Hollywood as he had charted its rise. Indeed, his concluding pages point to the need for a book of a different kind—one that analyzes the impact of television since World War II. I hope the job is undertaken by a cultural historian as able as Professor Sklar. □

Mary Cassatt

By Nancy Hale

Doubleday, 331 pp., \$10

FLAWED PORTRAIT OF A FINE ARTIST

RUTH BERENSON

Nancy Hale is an accomplished novelist and essayist, the daughter of New England artists remembered mainly for the charming memoirs she wrote about them. Doubtless she felt this background qualified her to write the life of one of America's best-known painters, Mary Cassatt, ranking with the foremost French Impressionists, whose cause she championed and with whom she exhibited from 1877 on. Cassatt's significance, as artist and as the person who persuaded rich Americans, most notably Mr. and Mrs. Horace Havemeyer, to collect Impressionist pictures at a time when the French still ridiculed them, has long been recognized; she has had many competent and literate biographers, so that apart from

having gleaned reminiscences from a few ageing friends and relatives who remembered Mary Cassatt as an old blind lady in her château outside Paris, Miss Hale adds little to what has long been familiar.

Mary Cassatt's life lacks drama. She was just a maiden lady from Philadelphia (she was actually born in western Pennsylvania, a fact Miss Hale inexplicably makes much of), comfortably well-off, devoted to her family but, like her contemporaries Whistler, Sargent, and Henry James, a lifelong expatriate. What is memorable about her is her art, of which the supercritical Degas once wryly remarked, "I will not believe



draw so well." Only two important things happened to her: her encounter with and swift, intuitive understanding of the Impressionists, and her long friendship with Degas. Undoubtedly his influence on her was deep and lasting; she did not mind being referred to as his pupil (which, in fact, she never was), and her admiration for him never faltered. But Miss Hale's endless speculations as to whether they did or didn't sleep together—she reluctantly concludes they probably didn't—are largely irrelevant.

One can sympathize with the plight of a novelist whose nonfictional heroine did little but paint, cope with her parents, and cosset the hordes of Philadelphia relatives who periodically descended upon her—but this hardly excuses Miss Hale's attempt to be trendy by making Cassatt into an early proponent of Women's Lib, a fighter for embattled womanhood whose alleged affair with Degas was doomed by the latter's misogyny and her own independence. Degas was surely difficult—impossible—to get along with, and Miss Cassatt was certainly independent, but there is little evidence that being a woman bothered her or hampered her work; she seems to have been perfectly satisfied with her position in a man's world. She did become a suffragist, but this was because her closest friend,

Louisine Havemeyer, was a leader of the movement—and when, in 1923, already nearly blind and unable to paint, she broke with Mrs. Havemeyer over a fancied slight to her work, she immediately lost interest in women's problems.

Mary Cassatt was an eye and a hand. She is important to American art as an artist, not as a woman artist. As a writer (not as a woman writer), Miss Hale should have done better by her. □

FICTION

JR

By William Gaddis

Knopf, 726 pp., \$15 (cloth),
\$5.95 (paper)

THE SHOCK OF RECOGNITION

RONALD DE FEO

William Gaddis' *The Recognitions*, an enormous, ambitious novel exploring the theme of forgery in art and in life, appeared in 1955 to generally poor reviews. Anyone looking back at those reviews now would be surprised to discover how badly this somewhat difficult but by no means impenetrable book was treated by supposedly sophisticated critics. Gaddis' inventive style and philosophical concerns seemed, quite simply, to mystify them. Since that time, however, *The Recognitions* has come to be regarded as something of an underground classic. And recently the British critic Tony Tanner, who included an appreciative article on the novel in his unique *City of Words*, again described the book as a work of major importance.

This type of response to a neglected work is not uncommon—underpraised when it first appeared, it is widely overpraised when re-discovered and re-evaluated. For while one admires all of the invention, wit, and thought that went into *The Recognitions*, one is disturbed by the pretentiousness and inordinate length of the book, its lack of concision and color, and its seemingly endless variations on a single theme. What begins as a fascinating, potentially major work, eventually becomes a tiring minor one.

RANDOM NOTES

■ **FEBRUARY TITLES:** *Why Marxism?* asks Robert G. Wesson, then offers droll and learned answers (Basic, \$12.95). . . . *The Unspeakable Confessions of Salvador Dali* may not be mistitled (Morrow, \$10). . . . Eagerly awaited by masochists: John V. Lindsay's political novel, *The Edge* (Norton, \$7.95). The same house offers one by MIT professor Peter Temin that may get looked at outside economics circles, *Did Monetary Forces Cause the Great Depression?* (\$8.95). . . . Nixon media expert Bruce Herschensohn looks sourly at *The Gods of Antenna* (Arlington, \$7.95). For the same publisher, retired British general Richard Clutterbuck has some ideas on how to carry on while *Living with Terrorism* (\$7.95).

■ **JUST OUT:** ACLU boss Aryeh Neier has a solution to the crime problem in *Crime and Punishment*. And man bites dog (Stein & Day, \$8.95). . . . NR religion editor Malachi Martin reviews six cases of exorcism in *Hostage to the Devil* (Reader's Digest, \$12.95). . . . Banned in Israel but issued here by Quadrangle is

Matti Golan's *The Secret Conversations of Henry Kissinger* (\$8.95). . . . Still another scenario from Herman Kahn, *The Next 200 Years* (Praeger, \$8.95, cloth; \$3.95, paper). . . . Albert Speer publishes his prison diaries, *Inside the Walls of Spandau* (Macmillan, \$12.95). . . . Memo to Old Girls from the Seven Sisters: Elaine Kendall reviews the past and present of each college in *"Peculiar Institutions"* (Putnam, \$8.95). For the same house, Rita Kramer etches *Maria Montessori* (\$10). . . . Irving Howe's *World of Our Fathers* is a big history of East European Jews in the U.S. (Harcourt, \$14.95). . . . Bowker is publishing biographical data on 4,000 *Women in Public Office* (\$17.95). . . . John T. Noonan Jr. probes American legal traditions in *Persons and Masks of the Law* (Farrar, \$10). . . . *André Malraux* is a new life by Jean Lacouture (Pantheon, \$12.95). . . . In *Cagney by Cagney*, Gentleman Jimmy reports that "my strong conservatism has placed me generally in John Wayne's camp" (Doubleday, \$8.95). . . . Hardbound from Mason/Charter (\$9.95) and a paperback from Manor (\$1.95): *The Wallace Factor* by Philip Grass. . . . For \$6.95, you can have your very own *Star Trek Star Fleet Technical Manual* from Ballantine.

Still, throughout *The Recognitions* the reader was aware of a strong guiding intelligence. The novel was overdrawn and overblown, but at least it possessed a sense of direction and purpose. That sense is conspicuously absent from Gaddis' huge, long-awaited, and already widely hailed second novel. What makes *JR* such a frustrating experience is that the reader realizes quite early on that the book is a failed experiment, that it is not going to change or improve or become meaningful, and that he has several hundred pages to look forward to. This might be called the shock of recognition.

In *JR* Gaddis is obsessed with recording voices. Our language, he seems to feel, has been corrupted and vulgarized by a society devoted to making a fast buck. People no longer truly communicate; they trade jargon and make contracts instead. To drive home the point, to demonstrate how corporate life has come to influence all phases of life in this country, Gaddis gives us the petty, elliptical, often incomprehensible dialogues and monologues of ridiculous lawyers, congressmen, schoolteachers, generals, artists, and businessmen, all of whom are engaged in deals of various sorts.

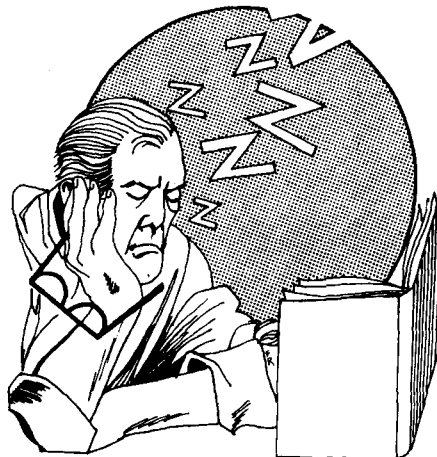
From time to time, the author will include a brief descriptive passage (done in a kind of Joycean shorthand) to indicate a change of setting and serve as a bridge between scenes. If one concentrates hard enough, he may be able to find his way through the verbal labyrinth and make some sense of the story of *JR*, an ambitious sixth-grader from Long Island who manages to parlay the sale of mail-order merchandise into a vast corporate empire. The determined reader may also be able to follow the activities of *JR*'s employees, among whom are a number of frustrated artists. The truly wise

and perceptive reader will, however, put the book aside.

Admirers of *JR* have pointed to Gaddis' dialogue, which they find amazingly accurate. And, admittedly, it often is. Gaddis renders the patterns and idiosyncrasies of speech very well, and he does give us a strong sense of how PR, advertising, corporate, and legal mumbo-jumbo has entered our language. Unfortunately, though, he does not exercise enough control over his talent. He allows his characters to ramble on ad nauseam. Yes, the talk is accurate, but it is also dreadfully boring and tedious. The effect is akin to listening to hours of worthless conversation that has been recorded by a tape fanatic. After a while the only significant point the novelist seems to be making is how well he can capture chatter. His characters are buried under their own towers of babble. And as a result, the novel they inhabit appears to have no focus or direction.

GADDIS SIMPLY markets chaos. He makes few, if any, attempts to illuminate it. His method is not unlike that used by Pynchon in *Gravity's Rainbow*, but at least Pynchon's madness was inspired and often poetic. Gaddis' satire, such as it is, comes across as labored and strained, with all too many obvious tries at relevant, topical humor. For example: a would-be composer is commissioned to write "zebra music" by a zebra-conscious imbecile who wishes to "wake up some people in Washington to the idea of stocking our public lands with something more than a lot of trailers and beer cans." I will admit to having met my share of nincompoops when I journeyed briefly into the business world, but still they were more interesting and amusing than the figures Mr. Gaddis offers up here for sacrifice.

Perhaps I am severely underestimating *JR*, as critics similarly underestimated *The Recognitions* some twenty years ago. But at this point I am absolutely certain of two things: that the book is a terrible chore to read, and that Mr. Gaddis demands much from the reader while rewarding him with very little. In several articles devoted to the author it was noted that he has worked as a corporate writer. Many of us often dream about getting back at our bosses, and perhaps *JR* serves as Gaddis' revenge. Regrettably, however, it is his reader who suffers most. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

BYRON AND THE HONOURABLE AUGUSTA LEIGH, by John S. Chapman (Yale University Press, 282 pp., \$10). Lord Byron, the English poet and bon vivant, was the spice in not a few married women's lives. Either composing lines for posterity or delivering them to other men's spouses, he was a bard for all seasons who tasted more than his share of adulterous stews. Perhaps no life of letters has been quite so flamboyant or so inspirational to the hack literary imagination. Every conceivable shred of tattered biographical evidence has been recycled through the ceaseless looms of academia on the subject of Byron's ultimate sin. Although the presumption remains that the poet did in fact sire a child by his half-sister, Augusta Leigh, there were many then, as now, who believed him innocent of that charge at least. John S. Chapman is the latest to take up the banner in defense of the Lord. With a deformed left eye and a club foot, Byron would hardly seem a candidate for amorous intrigue. But the record suggests a man who inspired near fanatical devotion from female admirers, and through it all managed to remain surprisingly swift afoot. The libel of incest, according to the author, undoubtedly originated with Lady Caroline Lamb, whose own love had recently been scorned by the fickle poet. Chapman limits the possible defendants in a paternity suit to the Prince Regent, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Rutland. Although *Byron and the Honourable Augusta Leigh* was published by a distinguished and venerable university press, its thesis amounts to little more than hell's having no fury like a Lady scorned. But perhaps the editors found something original in its author's being a "real" doctor and not just another PhD

with delusions of tenure. Certainly, Dr. Chapman comes into his own in the Appendix, where the reader is treated to his professional comments on the poet's "congenital hemangioma of the brain" and "vascular leakage." The report of the original autopsy is included for the true aficionado of Byronic lore.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT

THE CULTURE WATCH, by Robert Brustein (Knopf, 197 pp., \$7.95). Robert Brustein, dean of Yale's Drama School, director of its Repertory Theater, and thoughtful critic of stage and society, is solidly based in the liberal camp, but he's not nearly as liberal as he thinks he is. Oh, he allows himself a Watergate-as-Greek-tragedy piece, but many—perhaps most—of his references to Nixon, Vietnam, and Joe McCarthy have the perfunctoriness of pious ritual. Meanwhile, the ideas that are manifestly indigenous to his mind place him—and not infrequently—in T. S. Eliot's corner as a champion of the permanent things. In this collection of essays, originally written chiefly for the *New York Times* and the *London Observer*, Brustein offers notable insights into the psycho-social impact of dropping familiar constraints on morality and taste in public expression, particularly at a time when the media have gone as far as they have in the United States toward turning everything that happens into entertainment. Literary grace and the right kind of seriousness also commend his book.

ANNE CRUTCHER

LEAKEY'S LUCK: *The Life of Louis Seymour Bazett Leakey 1903-1972*, by Sonia Cole (Harcourt, 448 pp., \$14.95). Criticized throughout his life for his lack of professionalism and his unorthodox theories, Louis S. B. Leakey was nonetheless a pioneer in the field of African anthropology. In addition to the numerous digs he

set up, Leakey organized the first Pan-African Congress of Prehistory in 1947. His lifelong struggle to convince his colleagues that man originated in Africa was vindicated in 1959 with his wife's discovery of the *zinjanthropus* skull (the "nutcracker man") in the Olduvai Gorge. A consummate fundraiser and publicist, Leakey managed to support his many projects without the steady backing of any large foundation and without a university chair. He also found funds for his numerous protégés, ranging from Jane Goodall, who produced revolutionary studies on apes' behavior, to the more dubious National Primate Research Center in Tigon. Founded and directed by Leakey, the Center was almost exclusively staffed by untrained teenage girls, and produced no tangible results in the dozen or so years of its existence. Sonia Cole, a veteran of several Leakey expeditions, wrote *Leakey's Luck* at the request of his widow, Mary Leakey. Although it is doubtful that Mrs. Cole has left out any important facts, she does nothing to enlighten readers as to what motivated Leakey, or how he came to have such a brilliant career, luck aside. While *Leakey's Luck* is on the whole a balanced portrait, one almost wishes the book showed a bit of that blind adulation so often found in the biographies of famous men written by their followers. It might have relieved the tedium of Mrs. Cole's recital of Leakey's vital data and perhaps provided a clue as to how Leakey's fatal charm worked. JANE MAJESKI

PIECES OF THE FRAME, by John McPhee (Farrar, 308 pp., \$10). What do the Loch Ness monster, quarter horse racing, Georgia swamps, firewood, unblended Scotch, and Wimbledon tennis have in common? They have all attracted the interest of John McPhee, a singularly gifted essayist. My heart sank as I first flipped through *Pieces of the Frame*: seven of the 11 pieces were on topics I expected would bore me pallid. But boredom is often a matter of ignorance, and ignorance can't survive long under McPhee's flamboyantly lucid attack. Here he is, for example, on wood fires: "... When a log is thrown on the fire, the molecules on the surface become agitated and begin to move vigorously. Some vibrate. Some rotate. Some travel swiftly from one place to another. The cellulose molecule is long, complicated, convoluted—thousands of atoms like many balls on a few long strings. The strings have a breaking point. The molecule, tumbling, whipping, vibrating, breaks apart. Hydrogen atoms, stripping away, snap onto oxygen atoms that are passing by in the uprushing stream of air, forming even more water, which goes up the chimney as vapor. Incandescent carbon particles, by the tens of millions, leap free of the log and wave like banners, as flame. ..." McPhee might say, with Conrad, Before all, I want to make you see.

LINDA BRIDGES



LEJEUNE

(Continued from page 92)

shocked me more than the apparent indifference of most Americans to what is happening now in Southeast Asia; the repudiation of a battle which, though lost, was not ignobly entered; and the perhaps understandable, but nevertheless ostrich-like, anxiety to keep out of any new situation which might become dangerous.

Nor is it only the danger which seems to deter them. Even intellectual and moral involvement has become unwelcome. "Americans," a diplomat at the United Nations observed to me, "feel uncomfortable and embarrassed when they are faced with problems which have no simple solution or which are ethically complex." We were talking about America's attitude, or lack of any clear attitude, to the problems of southern Africa, but it is, I think, a general truth; a truth indeed with deep historical roots but, in the circumstances of the modern world, dangerous.

Some of the fault, again, lies with the media. Even in New York and Washington, and far more in other parts of the country, I felt remarkably

cut-off from news about the outside world. The American television networks have no news bulletin anything like as good as the main evening bulletins on BBC and Independent Television in London: and even the biggest American newspapers seem parochial by comparison with the London papers. Any Englishman who takes the trouble can easily be very well informed about American affairs: for an American to be well informed about British affairs must be extremely difficult. Such items of foreign news as do appear are often so cursory as to be misleading. This again, although in one sense a relief, is surely dangerous, since it means that developments which may be of great importance to America come out of a clear sky: and the reactions of the American public are correspondingly superficial and volatile.

"America has the worst television in the world," said a British television producer recently. He was exaggerating, of course, if only because America has the most television in the world, and more old movies are better than fewer old movies. But I have found American television disappointing—
(Continues on page 109)

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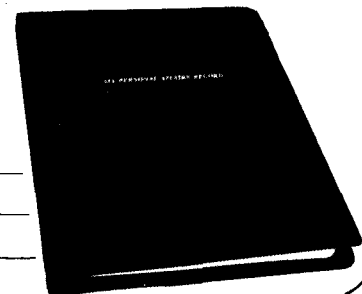
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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

JOSEPH R. BIDEN JR.:

I'd Eliminate Forced Busing.

Busing violates the cardinal rule that the American people pose for their elected officials. They'll forgive our vice. They'll forgive our avarice. They'll forgive our greed. They expect it. But the one thing they don't expect—and won't tolerate—is not using good old common sense.

LEJEUNE

(Continued from page 107)

and not simply because, when I first switched on my borrowed set, seeking entertainment, I was greeted by the familiar face of Edward Heath, who couldn't entertain so much as a doubt.

In Los Angeles, naturally, I went to Disneyland. This is an important experience, politically and sociologically thought-provoking. Also, it's fun. (My advice is to head straight for "Pirates of the Caribbean"—much the best ride.)

Disneyland reflects not only the virtue and qualities of that great and good man, Walt Disney, but also the virtue and qualities of modern America. It is an astonishing display of technical skill. Hygiene and safety are scrupulously regarded. Great care is taken that no offense should be given to anyone. Children in particular are cushioned and catered for. Everything is bland. Everything is efficient. Commerce—and Disneyland is intensely commercial—wears a smiling face.

It is just these virtues and qualities, however, and their typicality, which stimulate uneasy questions. Have the American people begun to see the whole world in Disneyland terms? Are they being led to expect that everything everywhere is, or should be, safe and clean, whereas most things are, and probably always will be, dirty and dangerous? May this contrast between the standards of Disneyland and the nature of the real world perhaps explain a good deal about America's current attitude to foreign affairs, and indeed to her own affairs? Reactions to the defeat in Vietnam; the muddled benevolence with which the problems

of Africa, the Middle East, and Ireland tend to be viewed; the oversimplification and a certain provinciality of outlook; the shock which Watergate caused and the repercussions which are still doing so much harm; all these things seem to have their roots in a Disneyland picture of the world.

America is still, in many ways, a curiously innocent nation. One cab company in New York has a notice in the back of each car which declares: "This taxi is driven by a morally fine person." "That's nice," I always wanted to say, "but can he drive?" Political speeches and comment in America often provoke much the same question.

It's endearing, though, and perhaps ultimately a great source of strength. I hope so. I believe so. Having stated all my criticisms and reservations, I must state one thing more—that America and her people are still a joy to me, a refreshment and an encouragement. Flying back through the night from New York to London, I was reminded of wartime journeys; of returning from comparative peace to an embattled city, to the front line of a struggle in which both our countries are vitally involved. □



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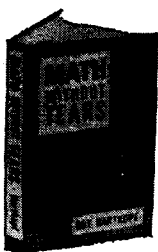
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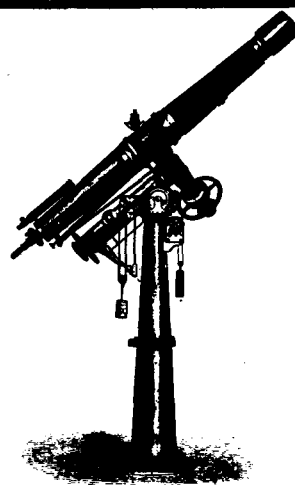
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Another Appeal from the States

On The Right

New York, Jan. 17—Four governors of big states have issued the ritual call to federalize welfare. The published text of their manifesto makes no reference, as one would expect, to the shell game they are as usual involved in. That is to say, beyond a little talk here and there about the economies that would be effected by consolidating under a single unit functions now performed by several units, the talk is only of benefits conferred: not of costs stayed.

The motivation of the governors of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin is obvious. The costs of welfare are continuing to rise. They assume that that increase is irreversible. Everyone more or less assumes that, with the exception of Ronald Reagan, who, quietly and without pronounced pain to anyone, reversed the trend in California a few years ago. But Democratic governors have a difficult time saying no.

Unfortunately, they are, this time around, finding that the citizens of their own states are saying no. Not so much directly to welfare, because the welfare lobbyists are too well entrenched. They are saying no to collateral state enterprises. State A desires to build, let us say, a new and costly bridge. The proposal is put to the voters, and the voters, feeling the great tension of the taxes they are having to pay to sustain state government, vote no—and the bridge goes unconstructed. The shell game in question consists in the governor of a particular state persuading the Federal Government to take over the cost of a welfare program so as to "relieve" the local taxpayer. This operation, perfectly executed, appears to work over the short term. If, for instance, Washington were to take over the proposed welfare activities now paid for by New Jersey, New Jersey would need to raise \$116 million less in local taxes. That is exactly how far the interest of the governor of New Jersey extends. It makes no difference to him that the Federal Government, in order to supply the identical services, would then need to

raise the taxes of residents of New Jersey by \$116 million. As long as it is the Federal Government doing the taxing, the local governors reason, there will be no political retribution against local officials.

Experience tends to bear this out. During the long months given over to discussing the financial crisis of New York City, New York's champions were fond of emphasizing the great flow of New York money that goes out of state for the benefit of other people. It is a purely freakish statistic that in recent years New York State was a beneficiary state, i.e., that it took in more welfare than it sent out in the form of taxes. That was because of a loophole in the federal law, since repaired; so that it is safe to say that New York is sending out more money than it is taking in at the present moment.

BUT ISN'T that the general idea of redistributionism in the federal system? If it goes against the grain of New Yorkers to pay out more than they take in, then why do the state's legislators in Congress, with one or two significant exceptions, continue to vote for programs whose implementation will precisely mean more of the same kind of thing? Using the polar examples, more money out of New York, more money into Mississippi.

Lloyd's of London will give you an insurance policy of a thousand dollars to one that no prominent Democratic politician is going to issue a manifesto calling on Congress to stop spending as much money as it is now spending on welfare; and to send the same manifesto to the legislators in his own capital. This is because Democratic politics is based on the most dogged superstition of Western civilization: that there is such a thing as the spontaneously generated dollar, flowing out of Washington, D.C. There is only one way to attack this superstition. It is to move out of Washington, not into Washington, the operation of welfare programs. Ronald Reagan was talking—a little mistily, it is charged—about that kind

of thing. The proposals have been worked out concretely in a book (by myself) published a few years ago. Washington, D.C. should be in charge of welfare programs for the benefit of exactly 19 states of the union—the states whose resources are less than the national average. Not one of these states is New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, or Wisconsin. You could reduce by 90 per cent the federal tax that goes to welfare. That money would be available for local government to tax—under the beadier supervision of local voters. □

THE \$6 MILLION

New York, Jan. 15—The \$6 million the CIA has given/will give to select political candidates in Italy needs to be examined from several points of view before the whole business is dismissed as yet one more venal act by the CIA.

Question #1. Is (or was—now that the operation is blown, everything is changed) the idea a good one? I find it very difficult to answer that question, and wish that others would find it difficult also. Any number of criticisms have been made, some of them suggesting that we were proposing to pay \$6 million to corrupt Italian politicians who would simply endorse the checks over to Swiss bank accounts. Others suggest that we are shoring up a political party that is hopelessly inept—that, in the words of Mr. Tom Wicker, we are "subsidizing inefficiency, ineptitude, laziness, graft, and favoritism."

Now I wonder why it is so quickly assumed that the administrators of the Central Intelligence Agency are stupid? I do not doubt that there are stupid men in the CIA, though there is no reason to believe that the level of that stupidity is higher than, say, that of federal judges, or municipal comptrollers, or college professors. But it is a fact that in recent months we have been asked to believe that any maneuver by the CIA is presumptively stupid. The only egregiously stupid thing done

by the CIA's principal spokesmen in recent months is to have relied on the word of congressional committees that their testimony will be kept confidential. But it is a reflection not so much on the CIA as on American institutions, when American officials cannot reasonably rely on the word of other American officials.

It is, after all, possible that the \$6 million was discreetly targeted to bolster the very best people within the Christian Democratic Party. To bolster precisely those who are fighting corruption, nepotism, graft, inefficiency, and inflation. Until the contrary is proved, it would make sense to withhold judgment on the matter.

QUESTION #2. Does the CIA have any business getting into Italian politics? I do not see how that question can be answered negatively unless one is also prepared to say that the United States has no business entering into the NATO alliance. The NATO alliance was designed (by the way, principally at the urging of the European powers, and for obvious reasons) to prevent effective Soviet control over European affairs. From time to time the Russians have found it necessary to use tanks to run over refractory citizens who reside in the satellite states; but not often.

The NATO powers, in other words, were keenly aware 25 years ago that the chosen manner of the Soviet Union is to work through nationals of the target power. This was done brilliantly in Czechoslovakia through a coup d'état. Modes change, along with rhetoric. And in an age of detente, there is the accompanying patter about indigenous Communist Parties, free of Moscow control. The trouble is, there is only one such in that area of the world. It is in Yugoslavia. And it survives (precariously—let us see what happens after Tito dies) thanks to the most massive transfusion of American aid in history. We have spent more money per capita on Yugoslavia than on any other country in the world.

Accordingly, in 1948 we gave massive help to the non-Communist parties of Italy, and saved the day there by a whisker. NATO survives; its objectives are clearly stated in writing. It is no more an interference in Italian politics to help the Italians who, however ineptly, struggle for national independence, than it is to conclude a treaty which envisions the possibility of making war not exclusively against Russians, but against Italian agents of Russia.

The neo-isolationists are pressing us everywhere. Their criticism of the CIA, of foreign aid to non-Communist An-

golans, and of our attitude toward Alende, pitches us to a supreme purpose: the abrogation, inexplicitly, of all our mutual defense treaties. It may be that those who scoffed about the domino theory in Vietnam will wake to find that they could not hazard a guess just how far the collapsing dominoes would take us. □

DO WHAT TO THE RUSSIANS?

New York, Jan. 20— Here is how it went. The questioner asked Ronald Reagan, campaigning in a little town in New Hampshire, what he would do about the Russians. Reagan is reported to have replied: "I think it's time for us to straighten up and eyeball them, and say, 'Hey fellas, let's get this back on the track where it's something for something, not all one way.'" For instance there is the matter of the Russians in Angola, Reagan said. He would favor saying to the Russians: "Out. We'll let them [the Angolans] fight it out among themselves, or you're going to have us to deal with."

Mr. James Reston, the Big Bertha of the Eastern Establishment, was terribly offended by the exchange. There was, to begin with, the . . . language. So . . . coarse. "For delicacy of language and precision of policy," he sniffed, "this makes Mr. Ford's statements on detente and Angola seem almost eloquent and statesmanlike."

Now for one thing, that happens to be the way Americans *talk*. It is good, idiomatic, John-hit-the-baseball prose. Moreover, there is a skillful blend in it of carrot and stick. There is a highly useful syntactical inflection in the opener, "Hey, fellas." That is the American equivalent of the English, "I say, old chap . . ." It preserves a conversational relationship. It is to be distinguished from, say, "Listen, buster . . ." Or even, "Okay, wise guys . . ."

Then there was the matter of policy. " . . . When Reagan was asked what he would have the United States do if the Russians didn't blink or withdraw their support in Angola, he refused to answer. Refused, even, to say whether he would break off the strategic arms talk." Such evasiveness Mr. Reston finds terribly offensive. In fact it is extremely statesmanlike.

Once upon a time, not so many years ago, Dwight Eisenhower was President of the United States, and the Red Chinese were bombing Quemoy and Matsu, the off-shore islands governed by Taiwan. The Chinese increased the ferocity of their attacks,

aided and encouraged by Khrushchev, and Ike went on the air. He spoke of the dangers of a "western Pacific Munich." Critics of Eisenhower's toughness were wild with fear and trembling. Adlai Stevenson panicked, which is what he was always best at, and spoke of our coming "closer to war." Ike replied that if the Red Chinese "have now decided to risk a war over Quemoy, it can only be because they and their Soviet allies have decided to find out whether threatening war is a policy from which they can make big gains." To surrender to such threats, he said, would "encourage the aggressors," "dismay our friends and allies," and "make it more likely that we would have to fight a major war" in due course.

But pressed to specify what exactly he would do if the Chinese invaded Quemoy, Eisenhower refused to say. Quite right. Why advertise the exact specifications of your displeasure? A few months later, Khrushchev would reiterate his ultimatum on the matter of Berlin. Eisenhower said that we would defend the freedom of Berlin. Well, exactly how? he was asked. Again he declined to say. But he then dropped a single word which, quite simply, guaranteed the freedom of Berlin. He was asked, Would he rule out the use of atomic weapons to defend Berlin? Eisenhower said: "No."

THERE IS one extreme. At the other extreme would be, let us say, a complaint against the Soviet Union addressed to Kurt Waldheim. In between there are a great many places where sanctions could be applied. The shipment of wheat is an obvious one. The SALT talks are another. Trade with the Soviet Union of one kind or another.

The fact of the matter is that the Soviet Union is not withdrawing from Angola, and the government of the United States is doing nothing about it. Now either we should do something about it or we shouldn't.

Reagan believes we should and so, I warrant, do the people of New Hampshire. Not out of any love for Angola; but out of a simple commitment to preserve a rough equilibrium in this world rather than to let it dribble off piecemeal to the aggressors. We stopped them from taking Quemoy, which is as vulnerable to the Chinese as Staten Island would be to the United States. But we did not specify what we would do; and Reagan is correct in failing to specify, and the pitch of his language is exactly correct. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A capital Indian tribe	11 57 117 227 90 216 80 103	N. Women returned to their daily occupations on her day, following the Christmas festival	225 76 86 105 107 124 144 174 188 190 17 131
B. Minnehaha's husband	43 58 217 134 203 25 154 223	O. Belfast is the — of Ireland	46 28 40 195 63 66
C. This tribe lost Aaron	41 53 6 26 125 33 55 89 133 135 112 121 146	P. The overwhelming majority of this Indian tribe's members live in Wisconsin (You name it!)	68 109 37 62 192 101 224 130 44
D. What the stone flung over water did	100 13 4 34 24 122 32 61 69 149	Q. A drink that might go to your head at Christmas parties	71 110 140 220 128 88
E. What the monster in Scotland suffered from after the people fled	127 64 8 14 81 111 37 148 170 182 229 98	R. Debris	114 162 31 48 200 180 19
F. The systematic study of a people's plant lore	158 3 120 70 16 102 132 119 123 139 214	S. Complaining vehemently	138 9 129 173 187 210 12 215 218 60
G. What a secretarial agency should never be	191 157 23 29 39 96 145 179 106 206 208	T. A member of the British firm that published some of Mark Twain's works	21 45 178 141 159 79
H. A change to a lower automotive gear	185 67 27 118 175 137 75 167 91	U. WIT WEARS HAT	52 42 176 54 104 172 196 202 212 136 184
I. What the Improved Order of Red Men's records might be called	2 51 85 97 10 59 15 30 35 38	V. What Homer sometimes did	65 142 36 47 113 207
J. An Indian tribe with thousands of members in Minnesota	168 197 219 1 82 228 92 155	W. This may be worn a third of the day but not during the day	95 209 72 108 201 163 169 181 115
K. The first Scot to rule both Scots and Picts	147 83 143 211 93 77 5	X. What a witness in court takes	126 198 165 150
L. An opponent	177 84 94 152 7	Y. Choked	156 160 183 73 199 205 194 20 221
M. A stupid person	204 78 18 186 193 99	Z. The last conservative Congress	226 151 171 22 74 222 49 213 164
		a. Quite an Indian greeting	56 161 116 50 189 166 153

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acoustic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 108 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 J	2 I	3 F	4 D	5 K	6 C	7 L	8 E	9 S	10 I	11 A	12 S	13 D	14 E	15 I	16 F	17 N			
	18 M	19 R	20 Y		21 T	22 Z	23 G	24 D	25 B	26 C	27 H	28 O	29 G	30 I	31 R	32 D	33 C		
34 D	35 I	36 V		37 E	38 I		39 G	40 O	41 C	42 U		43 B	44 P	45 T	46 O	47 V	48 R		
49 Z	50 a	51 I		52 U	53 C		54 U	55 C	56 a	57 A	58 B	59 I	60 S	61 D	62 P	63 O	64 E	65 V	
	66 O	67 H	68 P	69 D		70 F	71 Q	72 W	73 Y	74 Z	75 H	76 N	77 K	78 M	79 T	80 A	81 E	82 J	
83 K	84 L	85 I	86 Y	87 P	88 Q		89 C	90 A	91 H	92 J	93 K	94 L	95 W	96 G	97 I	98 E	99 M		
100 D	101 P	102 F	103 A		104 U	105 N	106 G		107 N	108 W	109 P		110 Q	111 E	112 C	113 V	114 R	115 W	116 a
117 A	118 H	119 F		120 F	121 C		122 D	123 F	124 H		125 C	126 X		127 E	128 Q	129 S	130 P		131 N
132 F	133 C		134 B	135 C	136 U	137 H	138 S	139 F	140 Q	141 T	142 V	143 K		144 N	145 G	146 C	147 K	148 E	
149 D		150 X	151 Z	152 L		153 a	154 B	155 J	156 Y		157 G	158 F		159 T	160 Y	161 a	162 R	163 W	164 Z
165 X		166 a	167 H		168 J	169 W	170 E	171 Z	172 U	173 S	174 N	175 H		176 U	177 L		178 T	179 G	180 R
181 W	182 E	183 Y	184 U	185 H		186 M	187 S	188 N	189 a		190 N		191 G	192 P	193 M	194 Y	195 O		196 U
197 J	198 X	199 Y		200 R	201 W		202 U	203 B	204 M	205 Y	206 G	207 V		208 G	209 W	210 S	211 K	212 U	213 Z
214 F		215 S	216 A		217 B	218 S		219 J	220 Q	221 Y	222 Z	223 B	224 P	225 N		226 Z	227 A	228 J	229 E

Ames, Iowa, population 39,500. New York has about that many taxicabs and Chinese restaurants; L.A. might, by now, have that many suburbs.

Yet Ames is in the process of converting the garbage produced by all 39,500 into useable fuel for their electric power plant—burning more orange peels, coffee grounds, cereal boxes and less gas and oil — “corn-cobs to kilowatts” if you’ll allow.

A big, big idea. And one good idea leads to another (reduced fuel needs). And another (sharply re-

duced landfill requirements). And still others (recovery of steel cans and other materials, reduced air pollution, increased community pride and efficiency). In fact, the idea is catching on in a big way in other small towns.

Franklin, Ohio; Saugus, Mass.; Great Falls, Mont.; Odessa, Texas; Menlo Park, Cal.; Stickney, Ill.; Altoona, Pa.; Madison, Wisc. and Hamilton, Ontario—they’re all in the same business—burning garbage in

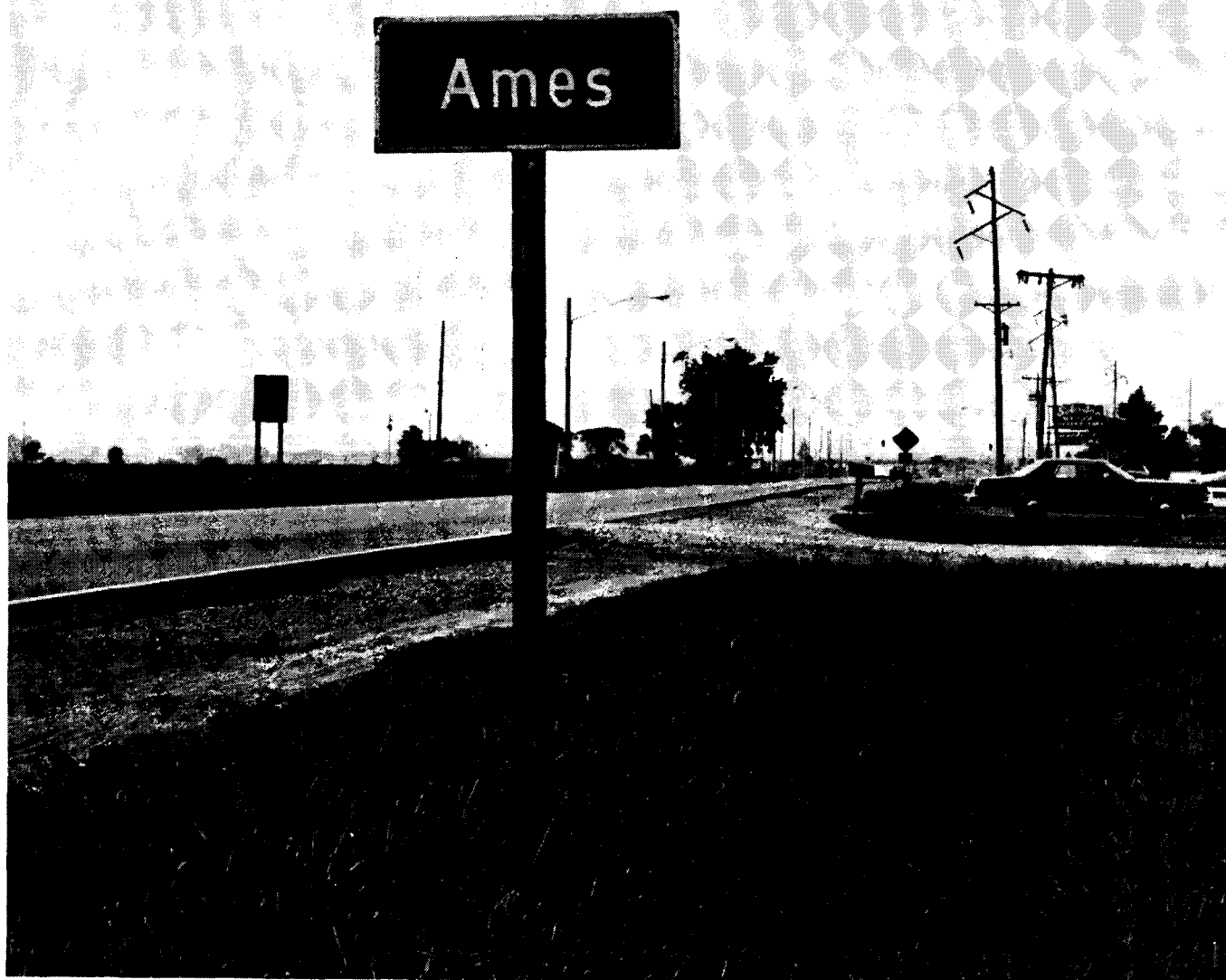
place of oil and gas and recovering recyclable materials.

To the “small-fry” it makes good sense not to let waste go to waste. It will become common sense when the rest of us jump in. Find out how your community can become “energized”...Write us: Room 104

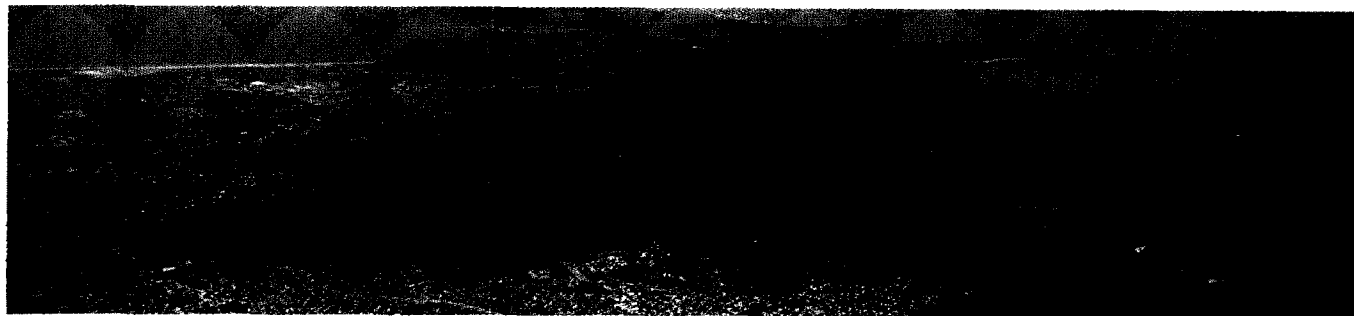


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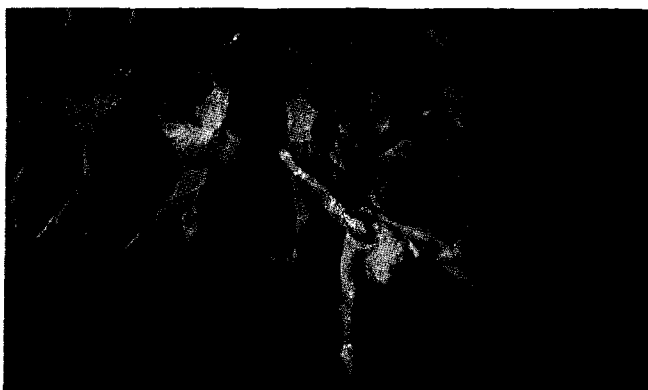
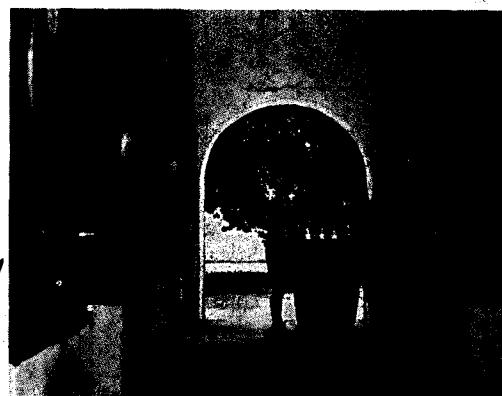


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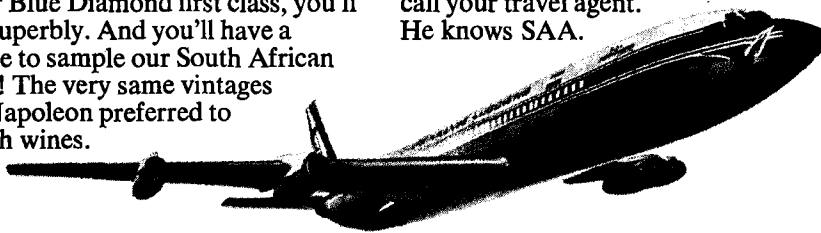


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